The Outlook

FEBRUARY 15, 1913

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

When Rogues Fall Out

There is consternation in the New York Police Department. One inspector and three captains (two of them former inspectors) are under suspension on suspicion of being links in a chain of wholesale graft. It is rumored that a civilian official near the top of the department is also implicated. No one knows where the next blow will fall. There is good ground for hope that the long-awaited uncovering of the mysterious workings of the "System" is at last at hand. The revelations which have already come are the result primarily of the Rosenthal murder. After that event of frontier melodrama, other happenings trod closely on one another's heels. Several of the subordinate tools in the murder confessed. Four gunmen and Lieutenant Becker were convicted of murder and sentenced to death. Two investigations of police conditions were undertaken and are still under way. One is carried on before a special grand jury by District Attorney Whitman; the other by a committee of the Board of Aldermen—the Curran Committee, with Mr. Emory R. Buckner as counsel. Appeared one day before the Curran Committee one Sipp, the keeper of a disreputable hotel in the Bronx. He testified that he had been in the habit of paying police graft regularly. He named Patrolman Eugene Fox as the collector of the graft. Fox was suspended and put on trial. Sipp disappeared. (He subsequently asserted that he had been bribed to do so.) He was found and brought back. Fox, cornered, confessed, implicating Captain Walsh as the man next "higher up." Walsh, cornered and a sick man, confessed in his turn. The three men, Sweeney, Thompson, and Hussey, whom he implicated as his "men higher up" were the present and former inspectors of the district in which his precinct lies. The three and Walsh himself were suspended by the Police Commissioner, and charges are to be preferred against them. It is said that District Attorney Whitman is besieged with offers of further confessions. But it is also reported that he is declining the offers, which he feels he does not need. The situation is electric. Anything may happen at any moment. Probably several things will have happened before this paragraph is read. The rogues are falling out, and honest men, policemen and citizens alike, may at last have a chance at their own. There was little chance of attacking the evils in the Police Department with hope of success while the citadel of the System remained impregnable. Already a spacious breach has been made in its walls; if the assault is well sustained they may crumble in ruin. But after destruction must come construction. The System is a result, not a cause. The causes which make a System possible must be removed. The District Attorney is doing yeoman service in the work of destruction. The Curran Committee is laying a broad foundation for the work of rebuilding. The people of New York may yet have a police force which they can once more call "the finest," if they care enough. But they must care a great deal.

An Ounce of Prevention Applied

The Secretary of War has refused to permit the fairway of the Hudson River to be further encroached upon at its narrowest point between New York City and Hoboken. In two recent issues of The Outlook we described the efforts which were being made to have the pier-head line on both sides of the river pushed farther into the stream. Secretary Stimson has denied the applications, but has granted permission for the straightening of the shore line below Castle Point on the New Jersey side and below Twenty-third Street on the New York side, so as to permit the build-

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ing of the long piers necessary for the accommodation of the longer ships now under construction. In an interchange of letters previous to the granting of this permission, Mayor Gaynor informed Secretary Stimson that the city is now financially in a position to build thousand-foot piers in the Desbrosses Street section, and that the city administration only awaited his approval of the straightening of the lines before undertaking this work. This is a gratifying solution of the problem. It appears to be the first time that the three parties concerned—the Federal Government, the city government, and the steamship lines—have agreed upon a programme which is rational and far-sighted. It is to be hoped that the incoming Secretary of War will take the same view of the situation as have five of his predecessors, and will continue to preserve the fairway of the Hudson from further encroachments, and that future city administrations will take the same view that the present one has taken, and will carry out the plans for the building of longer piers where it can be done without narrowing the river.

The Sixteenth Amendment

It is now forty-three years since the United States Constitution has been amended. The Sixteenth Amendment was last week made certain as part of our fundamental law. It reads as follows:

> Article 16. The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the several States, and without regard to any census or enumeration.

The ratification of the proposed Amendment by the assent of three-fourths of the States was completed last week by the action of the Legislatures of Delaware, Wyoming, and New Mexico. Including these three States, thirty-eight in all, or two more than the necessary three-fourths, have ratified the Amendment; and it is believed that others will follow. It will be remembered that the Constitution requires for its own amendment the passage of an act by two-thirds of the votes in each of the Houses of Congress and subsequent ratification by three-fourths of the several States. A peculiar feature in the practical working of this system comes from the fact that no time-limit is set for the ratification by the States, so that after Congress has proposed and passed an Amendment years may elapse before the required number of State ratifications are obtained; and even after such an indefinite lapse of time, the proposal is alive and may be carried through. The present proposed Amendment was adopted by Congress in 1909. Twice before Congress has passed income tax laws. The law passed in war-time was pronounced Constitutional by the United States Supreme Court—it was largely a war measure, and was applied successfully to the raising of revenue. In 1893 Congress passed another income tax, but it was pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme Court on the ground that it violated Article I of the Constitution, which declares that direct taxation must be apportioned according to population, whereas the act made no such apportionment; and the Supreme Court held that a tax on income from real and personal property is a direct tax. This decision of the Supreme Court did not, of course, prevent Congress from passing other income tax bills, if it should choose; but it was thought that no bill that would meet the views of Congress would be likely to avoid the objections of the Supreme Court. Consequently those who urged the desirability of an income tax adopted the method of amending the Constitution, and have now successfully carried it to a conclusion. It does not follow necessarily, because Congress now has undisputed power to act in the premises, that it will act. The Amendment simply means that Congress may act whenever it chooses. There are many students of economic conditions who would approve giving Congress this right and yet would not agree upon the desirability or necessity of such action at present. Reports from Washington state that the leaders of the Democratic majority propose to push such a measure; but as this is being said of many important measures, it is not possible to know how much stress should be laid upon the assertion.

The Objections to an Income Tax

There are several strong objections to the taxation of incomes. We believe that these objections are valid, and we may briefly repeat here their substance. We believe that taxes should be laid, not upon industry, but upon property, and that the right kind of an income tax, if we are to have any, would be one levied on income from investments, not upon incomes derived from industry. Again, whatever may be the limitations as to the amount of income, it

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would remain true that an income tax would affect unfairly those whose earnings are in the form of salaries or wages as compared with those whose income is derived from trade or from professions, in which the incomes vary greatly. The latter class in actual experience would be more than likely to pay less, proportionately, than would those who receive salaries. Finally, we may quote again Mr. Gladstone's declaration that "an income tax makes a nation of liars." Even with allowance for exaggeration of expression, and taking into account the experience of countries like Great Britain and Germany, where an income tax is imposed and reasonably well collected, it remains true that such a tax, like many of our present personal tax laws, does promote the making of false returns and incidental perjury. In Germany the income tax is probably collected better than anywhere else in the world; but it is largely through a detailed inquisition by officials which would be objectionable to most people in this country, and which is more feasible under a concentrated imperial government than under our mixed government by Federal and State authorities.

The Six-Year Term

When the Senate last week, by one vote more than the requisite two-thirds, adopted a resolution to amend the Constitution so that the President should serve for six years instead of four, and be ineligible for re-election, even those newspaper correspondents in Washington who follow the doings of Congress carefully were somewhat surprised. This was partly because much of the debate on the subject had been far from serious, and had consisted of an exchange of wit over the fortunes of individuals and the strategy of party politics. For a century and a quarter the Presidential term has been four years, and there has been nothing in either Constitution or statute law preventing the people from re-electing any man President as often as they wish. On the question whether this condition should be changed there is reason for difference of opinion. The fact that the subject of the Presidential term and the eligibility of a man once President for re-election was thoroughly debated at the time that the Constitution was adopted is no reason why it should not be reconsidered in the light of experience. When such a question is reconsidered and debated, however, the discussion should concern itself, not with trivial, temporary, or personal considerations, but only with the welfare of the people as a whole. That seems to be self-evident. Yet the Senate spent no small amount of its time in discussing the question with regard to its effect upon the fortunes of President Taft, of former President Roosevelt, and of President-elect Wilson. It is not altogether unnatural that seasoned observers of affairs in Congress should have assumed that the Senate was not really serious in its intention of taking up the question. The resolution as passed by the Senate provides that "the term of office of President shall be six years; and no person who has held the office by election, or discharged its powers or duties, or acted as President under the Constitution and laws made in pursuance thereof, shall be eligible to again hold the office by election." In order that this resolution, as passed by the Senate, should be submitted to the States for their acceptance or rejection, it will be necessary for it to be passed by a two-thirds vote of the House of Representatives. Those who are following Congress closely regard it as exceedingly improbable that the House of Representatives can take up this resolution in time to pass it before the fourth of March, when the sessions of this Congress come to an end. There is very little definite indication one way or another as to the state of public sentiment on this question throughout the country. There are, we imagine, very few people in the United States who believe that such an amendment should be adopted except in response to a predominant public opinion. The course which such an amendment follows does not allow of a direct expression of opinion by the people at large. If it is adopted by a two-thirds vote in each branch of Congress and by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States, it becomes a part of the Constitution. It is only indirectly that the people pass upon such an amendment. That makes it doubly important that the discussion of the subject should be thorough and intelligent.

Secretary Tumulty

Last week the President-elect announced that he had selected Mr. Joseph Patrick Tumulty, of Jersey City, New Jersey, as his Secretary. It was expected that the Secretary to the President would come from the same State as does Mr. Wilson; indeed, it has been an

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almost unbroken rule for a new President to select as his Secretary a citizen of his own State. Our first President chose a Virginian, Tobias Lear. It will be remembered that Mr. Lear afterwards represented the Government in diplomatic positions, that he concluded the treaty between the United States and the Barbary States, and died while holding an important position in the State Department at Washington. By subsequent statesmanlike service other Secretaries to the President also justified their appointment to a place which, indeed, should be regarded as on a par with a Cabinet office. Most notable of these cases was of course that of John Hay. More recent cases were those of Mr. Lamont, who, after being Secretary to the President, became a member of the Cleveland Cabinet; of Mr. Cortelyou, who repeated this, and indeed emphasized it, for he occupied more than one Cabinet position; finally, of Mr. Loeb, who, regarded as quite worthy of a Cabinet position, chose instead to occupy the office of Collector of the Port of New York. And now we come to Mr. Tumulty. He starts off with one distinction over any of his predecessors. He will be the youngest Secretary any President ever had. He is in his thirty-third year. He is a lawyer by profession and a Roman Catholic in religion. He was reared in the old Fifth Ward in Jersey City, where boys begin to talk politics at an early age. But as soon as the younger Tumulty was old enough to vote he joined the regular Democratic organization, at the head of which was the late "Bob" Davis, an old-style political boss. Five years ago Davis sent the young man to the Assembly at Trenton. When the Assemblyman "kicked over the traces," Mr. Wilson's attention was drawn to him. This, added to Mr. Tumulty's wide acquaintance, marked him as a useful man to the new Governor, and so he became that Governor's secretary. He continues his personal work as the new President's Secretary. The office to which he has been chosen is one of great importance to the Administration. It is the door through which those who have business with the President enter, and through which much of the information about the President's policies passes in order to reach the public. For that reason Mr. Tumulty's appointment concerns not only Mr. Wilson but all the American people. The President's Secretary will have the best wishes of that people for the successful carrying out of an arduous task.

The Short Ballot

The Short Ballot idea is making progress. The recent messages of several Governors to their respective Legislatures embody references to and recommendations of the Short Ballot principle, and bills for putting it into effect in State Governments have already been introduced in the Legislatures of Michigan, Ohio, and New York. Bills for applying the principle to county governments have been introduced in the Legislatures of Wisconsin, Kansas, Iowa, and Washington. The Executives who have specifically recommended or asked for consideration of the Short Ballot idea are Governors Cox, of Ohio; Clark, of Iowa; Ammons, of Colorado; Ferris, of Michigan; and Lister, of Washington. Several other Governors, while not officially committed to the principle, have personally expressed views favorable to its adoption. Governor Cox, of Ohio, is illuminating both in his definition and recommendation of the Short Ballot idea. After quoting the Ohio Democratic State platform, which promises "a Short Ballot in the selection of administrative officers as a means of insuring greater scrutiny in the selection of public officials and for fixing and centralizing responsibility," he adds:

> In keeping with the intent of the Short Ballot provision the Legislature should abolish as elective the offices of Dairy and Food Commissioner, and Clerk of the Supreme Court, both of which are of legislative origin, making the former position appointive by the Governor and the latter by members of the Supreme Court. An amendment to the Constitution should be initiated, making the positions of Secretary of State, Attorney-General, Treasurer, and Auditor executive departments to be filled through appointment by the Governor. This would leave only the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Judges of the Supreme Court to be elected. The result would insure harmony of action in the State Department, and center responsibility in the Executive. The several executive department heads could then act in an advisory capacity with the Governor as his Cabinet. This is identical with the Federal plan, which is conceded to be efficient.

There are still many people who have an impression that the term Short Ballot refers simply to the physical size of the ballot itself, whereas the advocates of the Short Ballot principle, as the quotation from Governor Cox's message clearly shows, propose, not a mere reform of the machinery of election, but an actual change in the structure of State governments. For more than a hundred years the voters have chosen in the Federal

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Government only a President and Vice-President, a Representative in Congress, and indirectly two Senators—a method of selecting representatives and fixing responsibility which, as Governor Cox says, has proved its efficiency. Can there be any theoretical or practical reason why the several States should not construct their governments upon the same model?

A Bi-Partisan Combination in Illinois

After a long deadlock the Illinois Legislature was finally organized in the last week of January. The new Speaker is a Democrat; but, strangely enough, there were other Democrats who received more Democratic votes during the balloting than he at any time did. He was finally elected by a combination of Democratic and Republican votes, and, indeed, got forty-six of the fifty Republican votes in the House. In other words, this young representative of the Sullivan Democratic machine received nearly all the Republican votes, and ten more Republican votes than Democratic. There was in a recent Legislature another such bi-partisan combination in Illinois; that was in the Legislature which elected Senator Lorimer. At that time the corruption was notorious, and the consequent scandal attained National dimensions. This time, although leaders in the combination that elected Lorimer were among the leaders in the present bi-partisan combination, there is no suspicion of such gross corruption, and the man who has been elected is regarded generally as a "clean young man." Mr. William McKinley, the new Speaker, has been indorsed by the Voters' League, and has been committed to a policy of reform in the rules of the House. The effect of his election, however, is to obstruct legislation that is unacceptable to the powers that have often controlled legislation in American States for their own benefit. In particular, it renders improbable any legislation that will enlarge the State control over public utilities—legislation such as was recommended in Governor Dunne's message. Indeed, it is believed that Governor Dunne's recommendation, coupled with the strong progressive element in the Legislature, composed of both Democrats and Progressives, had more than anything else to do with the creation of the deadlock. This occurrence in Illinois is illustrative of the fact that machine leaders generally, without regard to party name, are more concerned in opposing any movement that threatens special interests, even though it be in the public interest, than they are in opposing one another; and that the most zealous advocates of partisanship and opponents of independence on the part of the voter are perfectly willing to be non-partisan in a matter that concerns those interests that profit by machine rule.

Combinations and the Anti-Trust Law

Should the mere fact that several non-competing concerns, each of which has what amounts to a monopoly in its own product, have combined, be regarded as proof of a violation of the Anti-Trust Law? That, in substance, was the question that the United States Supreme Court last week answered in the negative. This was in the so-called United Shoe Machinery case. The United Shoe Machinery Company is composed of three groups of manufacturers. These three groups had been making machines used in the manufacture of shoes. One group made sixty per cent of all the lasting machines in the United States, another eighty per cent of all the welt-sewing machines and outsole stitching machines, and the third seventy per cent of all the heeling machines and eighty per cent of all the metallic fastening machines. These various groups held the rights in the patents on the respective machines, and they had severally made leases with the manufacturers of shoes under which those manufacturers agreed not to use any other machines. By this means they produced such large percentages of the total output of shoe machinery. The monopoly they had in their special machines is a patent monopoly, and in that respect perfectly legal. Of course these several groups did not compete with one another, because the machinery which one group made was used only in one part of the shoe-manufacturing process, while the machinery made by another group was used in another part of the process. The men who had been connected with the several groups had been indicted for violating the Anti-Trust Law because they had organized the United States Machinery Company and turned their several businesses over to it. They demurred on the ground that what they had done did not constitute a crime. The Supreme Court has decided that it did not constitute a crime. It may thus be fairly said that, under such circumstances at

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least, the Supreme Court holds that mere combination of itself is not the sort of conspiracy against which the Anti-Trust Law is directed. To put the matter familiarly, if a group of grocery stores in a village, each of which controlled a small percentage of the grocery business, united so as to create a monopoly, that might be regarded as a combination in restraint of trade. But if a grocery store which already had a monopoly of the grocery business united with a livery stable concern which had a monopoly of the livery business, so that it might more cheaply get its groceries from the station and deliver them more cheaply to its customers, that would not be a combination in restraint of trade. Or, as Mr. Justice Holmes says in delivering his opinion, "It is as lawful for one corporation to make every part of a steam engine and to put the machine together as it would be for one to make the boiler and another to make the wheels." This he uses in illustration of his statement that the Court "can see no greater objection to one corporation manufacturing seventy per cent of three non-competing groups of patented machines collectively used for making a single product than to three corporations making the same proportion of one group each."

An African Emperor

Again, and for the third or fourth time, the death of the Abyssinian ruler, King Menelik, is reported. The news has not been confirmed, and the impression seems to be that the report grew out of the entry in state and pomp into Adis Abeba, the Abyssinian capital, of Prince Lidj-Yasu, Menelik's grandson and chosen successor. The doubt as to whether Menelik is living or dead brings again into prominence the surprising lack of knowledge that the world has of this great country of Abyssinia, notwithstanding the really surprising advances it has made in some directions under the control of Menelik. A country which withstood Italian aggression and in 1895 defeated disastrously the Italian troops, some thirteen thousand in number, at the famous battle of Adowa, is surely something more than savage and barbarous. It has a population of some eight millions; possesses a powerful army, so that it was able to put ninety thousand men into the Adowa campaign; and Menelik, who in his youth defeated his famous predecessor, the Emperor Theodore, and a less famous Emperor named Johannes, has held undisputed sway for thirty-three years. He has possessed modern ideas to a considerable extent; he has been a remarkable financier, and has invested largely in Europe and the United States; long ago he abolished feudal laws and emancipated the slaves; he established compulsory free education; and his chosen successor, the Prince, who probably has now taken affairs into his own hands whether Menelik is dead or not, speaks English, French, and German, and has been instructed by European teachers. An incident which shows that the great body of the people are not entirely civilized from our point of view is the statement that when the United States some years ago sent an expedition to Abyssinia, a great banquet was held at which seven thousand natives feasted on raw meat. The situation of Abyssinia is such (because of the mountains between it and the Red Sea) that direct communication with the great civilized world is difficult and slow; and when this is taken into account, the country and its ruler all the more deserve credit for the distinct spirit of advance and recognition of progressive ideas they have shown.

The Balkan War Begins Again

The Balkan war has begun again. Why? At the conclusion of the recent armistice very little seemed to separate the demands of the Balkan allies from what Turkey was willing to grant. It seemed as if that little might be bridged over. But apparently it could not be. The reason why the Turks would not "come to time," they say, was because they feared a revolution in Constantinople. There had been signs of such a revolution. If anything could bring it about, it would be a supposed outrage to what most men hold holiest—religion. The allies' demand for the surrender of Adrianople, a holy place to every Mohammedan, did, in the opinion of the Turks, outrage their most sacred feelings. When the late Turkish Cabinet—though headed by Kiamil Pasha, a man of marked ability and force—finally decided that Adrianople must be surrendered, the people of Constantinople rose, murdered the War Minister, and compelled the Kiamil Cabinet to resign. They demanded a new Cabinet. It took office immediately, with the most picturesque of Turkish jingoes, Enver Bey, as Minister of War, a man who has the charm and dash of

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a troubadour and a crusader in one. In the war with Italy over Tripoli he went disguised to Egypt, and entered Tripoli by way of the desert. His coming roused the Turkish soldiers to renewed enthusiasm, and from that date the Italo-Turkish war became more formidable. Though the new Cabinet has as its head that famous warrior Shevket Pasha, who four years ago led the Young Turks in compelling the infamous Sultan, Abdul Hamid, to abdicate, the real head of the new Cabinet is thought to be Enver. As in Tripoli, so along the Tchataldja forts—twenty-five miles from Constantinople and extending from the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmora—Enver is reported to have revived the Turk's fighting spirit. But can any such revival now prevail against overwhelming odds? If we are to believe Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, the war correspondent, Turkey's military and economic position is hopeless. "Nothing can prevent even worse misfortune except the immediate acceptance of the inevitable." Mr. Bartlett draws a rueful picture of the condition of the soldiers at Tchataldja. Telegraphing last week, he says:

> They are ill fed and poorly sheltered. Smallpox and enteric fever have taken the place of cholera. The rival armies there are separated by six kilometers [nearly four miles] of ground, which is nothing but a lake of mud, over which it is impossible to move artillery or transport.

The Bulgarian Advance

The first week of the renewed war saw little change in the Bulgarian advance so far as operations near the two largest cities of Turkey-in-Europe, Constantinople and Adrianople, were concerned. This surprised many admirers of General Savoff, the Bulgarian Commander-in-Chief, whose manifesto at the beginning of the week reads as follows:

> We are now more ready than at the time of the declaration of war. We have to overthrow the enemy once more, scatter his hastily mustered and untrained hordes, hurl him to the ground, and dictate terms on the battlefield. The Turks must be driven beyond the seas.

But Adrianople is invested more closely than ever. The most advanced positions of the allies are but a few hundred yards away from the Turkish lines, positions which form a practically consecutive chain. The next line is that of the reserve trenches, about five miles from the city—it consists of a clean-cut ditch, breast-deep, with earth piled before it and indented for rifles to rest in. The next outer line is that of the siege battery positions. The guns rest snugly in stalls of earth banked close. The outermost line of the allies, thirteen miles from the city, is formed by the transport and hospital camps. As to the Turkish defense, the fine forts about the city have, for the most part, justified their reputation. The best of the Turkish army is in Adrianople in charge of Shukri Pasha, who has repeatedly said that if the besiegers take the city they must take it by storm, since he will never surrender. Thus, if the city is captured, the new Turkish Cabinet will have the advantage of having lost it in battle and not by surrender, to which the preceding Cabinet had consented. The people in Constantinople may be appeased. As a matter of fact, history has repeated itself. What has happened at Constantinople also happened in Paris after the battle of Sedan. The French would have suffered less if they had come to terms of peace with Germany after that battle, and Napoleon III did make peace as far as he could, surrendering himself and his army. But those of the French who were unreconciled established a new Government and fought on some months until they were starved out. Perhaps history will repeat itself in this respect also. According to foreign refugees, there is still a considerable quantity of breadstuffs at Adrianople; fuel has entirely given out; there is a great shortage of medical supplies, and dysentery and other diseases are on the increase.

Mr. Bryce a Hague Arbitrator

The British Government has appointed the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, at present Ambassador at Washington, a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague. Mr. Bryce will fill a vacancy to be caused next summer by the retirement of the head of the British delegation, Sir Edward Fry, who will then be eighty years old. The delegations from any one Power signatory to the Hague Treaties consist of four persons "of known competency in questions of international law" and "of the highest moral reputation." All of the members of the Permanent Court of Arbitration constitute a general list, and the arbitrators called upon to settle some international difference must be chosen from this list. Appointment to the Hague Court is considered to be as high an honor as lies in the gift of any government. In Mr. Bryce's case it is

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peculiarly just. For if any one is well known as an international publicist of singularly judicial temper, it is he. To these qualities he adds a profound scholarship and acquaintance with international law. The British Government's purpose, so it is understood, is to continue Mr. Bryce in his present post until the Panama Canal negotiations are concluded. As The Outlook has already announced, Mr. Bryce's successor at Washington is to be Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, formerly Secretary of Embassy at Washington, at present British Ambassador to Sweden.

Henri Bergson

Last week a small, thin man with aquiline features began to talk for the first time in America on what he thought about philosophy. Now philosophy is not supposed to be a popular subject with most people. If it were, we would see the works of Aristotle and Plato, Kant and Descartes, lying around on parlor tables alongside the latest novel. But we do not see them. Philosophy does not yet touch life close enough. One of our own men—William James—has brought philosophy closer to life. In France two philosophers have also brought it closer—Émile Boutroux and Henri Bergson. M. Bergson has now arrived in America and has begun a short course of lectures at Columbia University. He then proceeds to Harvard—a shrine to him, as for many years the late William James, whom M. Bergson is constantly and admiringly quoting, was a distinguished member of the Harvard Faculty. After reading M. Bergson's books, with their note of discovery and authority, one may expect a different physical appearance from that of the frail, alert man, with hollow cheeks, deep-set eyes, and quick, nervous gesture, who faced his American audience last week. But after the first few sentences one forgets how this Frenchman looks, or whether he has any looks at all, in the charm and power of his speech. The tones of his voice are exquisite, and as he speaks one feels as if listening to a dry-point artist in words. For, just as in making a dry-point picture it is impossible to erase any line once made, so Professor Bergson, in talking, impresses the listener as never using a word which he would afterwards wish to replace by another. The result on the audience was quickly seen. The auditors settled themselves back in their seats as if to say, "*He* can't run off the track." This impression was produced by M. Bergson's first course of lectures, which were delivered in French. But it was also produced by the second course of lectures, and they were delivered in English. Every one was surprised by the choice of words—a choice so accurate as to make one almost fancy that the philosopher might have thought out his philosophic ideas first in English. An article on Professor Bergson appears on another page.

To Save Life

To the lay mind it seems strange that a topic of such wide scope as the prevention of disease in industry should not receive definitive attention in the teaching schedules of professional schools. Yet medical schools do not train their students in industrial hygiene, nor do technological schools instruct the men who are to be managers in the art of safeguarding the human mechanism from disease. It is conservatively estimated that the avoidable loss from preventable disease in this country among industrial workers is over two hundred million dollars annually. Last year one insurance company alone paid out in death benefits over four million dollars for deaths from tuberculosis. The Efficiency Society, at its recent annual meeting, passed a timely resolution, presented by Dr. Winthrop Talbot, calling the attention of medical and technological faculties to the pressing need of training students in the hygiene of industry. Nearly one-half our population now live in towns and cities of over twenty-five hundred inhabitants, a striking increase of town dwellers occurring with every decade. One-half of the wage-earners work in urban centers subject to the dangers and strain of crowded towns. Two-thirds of their time is spent within doors, prone not only to contagion and accident, but also to lowered vitality and the disorders, ailments, and illness arising therefrom. In the mind of the public the term industrial hygiene has come to mean merely ventilation, cleanliness, "bubblers," and wash-basins—or at most a hazy idea of horrid pictures of "phossy jaw" among match workers and accounts of vague poisonings from lead or zinc. In reality it is a subject of widest scope, related basically and intimately with the new art of management which requires study of the human factor first of all, and involves careful consideration of human relationships—the employer to the employee, and reciprocally the employee to

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the employer—the basis for which fundamentally is sound physical health and proper work conditions. Industrial hygiene scrutinizes every condition conducive to industrial health. It includes the technical study of fatigue, factory and hygienic legislation, benefit systems and compensation relief, the selection and adjustment of employees' hours of labor, training and instruction, thrift, registration of statistics, investigation into causes of absence, physical examination—everything, in fact, which concerns the prevention of disease in the broad aspects. In addition, it implies thorough attention to ventilation; dusts and fumes; acids, alkalies, and poisons; heat, light, and humidity; dirt and contagion; drinking water, baths, lavatories, lunch-rooms and rest-rooms. It also deals with the prevention and treatment of accidents, and instruction in first aid and resuscitation. In addition, it involves the technique of every form of sanitary inspection, such as water, milk, markets, bakeries, tenements, schools, theaters, and factories, sewage and waste disposal, etc. The Efficiency Society has done no better work in its brief year's existence than in thus emphasizing the importance of sound training in industrial hygiene, which has developed into or yielded to a sound economic conception of the worth of right human relationships and the measuring of values in human terms.

Play and a Vital Problem

Among the problems in the New York public schools studied by the experts selected by Professor Hanus, of Harvard, was feeble-mindedness. Dr. H. H. Goddard, of the New Jersey Training School, who conducted this branch of the inquiry, reached the conclusion that there were at least fifteen thousand children of this character to be found among the hundreds of thousands in the schools. What is to be done with them? The hereditary character of feeble-mindedness has been more clearly demonstrated than that of any other affliction to which man is subject. Segregation has been recognized as the most practicable method of staying the stream of mental defect. It is a policy, however, which entails a great expenditure of money in order to accomplish its end. If the same proportion holds true throughout the State and the country, there are 30,000 in New York State and 300,000 in the United States. In the present institutions of New York there are accommodations for approximately only four thousand feeble-minded persons. Among the projects which had their birth in the course of the administration of Governor Hughes was that for the construction of an institution for the feeble-minded and epileptics of New York City and neighborhood. More than two thousand acres of land have been purchased, and this spring will, it is expected, see the beginning of the construction of the scores of buildings which will be required to shelter and care for three thousand feeble-minded persons, for which number it has been planned. Before it is completed, upwards of $3,500,000 will have been spent upon it. Yet, as Dr. Little, its superintendent, puts it, "This will hardly make a dent." It is hoped, however, that Letchworth Village—for this great institution has been named for W. P. Letchworth, who gave Letchworth Park to the State, and was for many years actively interested in the care of the insane and the epileptic—will be a demonstration of an economical way of caring for the feeble-minded. If all the mental defectives are to be segregated, some way must be found of reducing the cost of maintenance and supervision to a minimum. It is proposed to do this by separating the inmates into farm colonies of somewhat less than a hundred each, and teaching them farm work and other kinds of useful labor. This will greatly reduce the expenditures for help and food supplies. The tasks, however, will be assigned in such a way that they will be of physical benefit and not burdensome. But one of the notable features of the life of Letchworth Village will be play, for Dr. Little, who was born on a New Hampshire farm and was a well-known football player when at Dartmouth, believes in the efficacy of recreation as a governing force. Guards will be unnecessary, he argues, where the inmates are happy and look upon their abode as home. He hopes to make of the colonies great homes. He has already demonstrated with the colonies now housed at Thiells that football, baseball, "sugaring-off" parties, swimming, fishing, skating, coasting, weekly dances, and music are potent influences for making life wholesome and happy for the feeble-minded. They are docile and contented. By means of the happy combination of productive work and play Letchworth Village promises to be a demonstration of an economical way of staying the stream of mental defectiveness.

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The Idaho Case: Some Further Facts

In giving an account of the Idaho case which resulted in the jailing of a newspaper proprietor for printing criticisms of the Court in an election case, The Outlook pointed out that the effect of a rehearing of the election case was to lay a basis for the contempt proceedings. The Outlook added that "The suspicion that this was the object as it was the effect of the application for a rehearing is not unnatural." We are now informed by Mr. J. H. Gipson, who was State Chairman of the party whose electoral candidates were kept off the ballot, that the hearing was instituted at his instance because he had heard it said that no criticism of the Court was justified in full until after the Court had been given an opportunity to pass upon the motion for a rehearing. We state this in justice to the man who was authorized by Mr. Gipson to file the petition for rehearing, and who believed that in filing it he was helping to promote the freedom of the people. This motion, though authorized by Mr. Gipson, was made without consultation with, or even knowledge of, the man who had been cited for contempt. As Mr. Gipson says, this rehearing had no effect in securing relief, for the Court declined even to permit arguments upon it. Mr. Gipson notes that the three criticisms quoted from the opinion of the Court were not all made by the newspaper whose representatives were cited for contempt; that one was a statement by Senator Poindexter, another an editorial expression, and a third a statement from Mr. Gipson himself. Mr. Gipson also calls attention to the fact that not only was the former Chief Justice a candidate for re-election, but that Judge Ailshie, who is the present Chief Justice, was a candidate for a seat in the Senate; and he points out the significance of the fact that there were many attorneys in the Legislature who practiced in the Supreme Court and who expected to have litigation there during Justice Ailshie's term. "In what position," asks Mr. Gipson, "were these people placed in openly opposing the man who will afterwards sit as Chief Justice to hear their pleadings?" Mr. Gipson concludes by suggesting that the fact that Justice Stewart was re-elected after handing down the disfranchisement decision indicates that if the people are intrusted with the power of recall they are not likely to use it to overawe officials who may be contemplating a just but unpopular course.

THE NATION'S WHITE COAL

The householder, who at steadily recurring intervals has to pay higher prices for his winter's coal supply, is brought face to face with the direct effect upon his own well-being of the uncontrolled private ownership of a great natural resource. There is another source of energy—of light, heat, and power—the relationship of which to the individual citizen is not so self-evident but is nevertheless quite as close. Electricity is rapidly contesting the supremacy of steam. It requires no great exercise of the imagination to see ourselves passing over the threshold from the age of steam into the age of electricity; and to see in the "white coal," as it has been aptly called, of the falling waters of river and stream, the supplanter of the black coal of the mine. As a people we have allowed the control of our black coal resources to slip from our hands. The control of our white coal resources we still possess. Shall we let that slip as well?

Four years ago President Roosevelt vetoed a bill granting the privilege of damming the James River in Missouri because the grant gave away too much and required too little in return, either in the way of compensation or in the form of the right to control. Last year President Taft vetoed on substantially the same grounds a similar bill for the damming of the Coosa River in Alabama.

A bill is now before Congress providing for the erection of a dam across the Connecticut River at the Enfield Rapids between Hartford, Connecticut, and Holyoke, Massachusetts. The building of this dam would accomplish two purposes. It would make possible the generation of a large amount of electric power for manufacturing and other industrial and commercial purposes. It would also provide slack-water navigation between Hartford and Holyoke, on a stretch of the river now navigable only for boats of slight draft and small capacity.

The bill contains certain provisions, novel in this kind of legislation, the adoption of which will establish a new practice in the relation of the Government to water-power development. It is provided by the bill and by the terms of an agreement entered into by the Secretary of War and the company (dependent of course upon the passage of the bill):

1. That the company shall build, at an expense of nearly half a million dollars, a

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lock and channel for purposes of navigation, the lock and surrounding land to become the property of the United States;

2. That the rights granted shall be assigned only with the consent of the Secretary of War or of the proper court (thus providing a defense against possible monopolistic control);

3. That the net profits above eight per cent upon the actual investment shall be shared with the Government in an increasing ratio;

4. That the Government's share of the profits shall be used for the development of navigation on the Connecticut River and the waters connected with it;

5. That the books of the company shall be open to the Government for determination of the actual rate of profit;

6. That after thirty years there shall be a readjustment of the terms of compensation, and at the end of forty years a second readjustment, while the permit shall expire at the end of fifty years (thus reserving to future generations the power to readjust the provisions of the grant to suit changed conditions).

These provisions are satisfactory both to the Administration and to those who propose to build the dam and develop the power. Such agreement between the representatives of the public and the representatives of private interests is indicative of a new relationship. The Government is no longer the policeman seeking only to detect and punish injuries to the public welfare when they have been done; the private concern is no longer a predatory creature seeking its own profit at whatever cost to the public good. Each is co-operating with the other in the development of a great natural resource for the mutual advantage of the interests for which they are respectively trustees.

There are two kinds of opposition to such proposal as this. One comes from those who seek the monopolistic control of our water powers, the other from those who believe in States' rights. To the first form of opposition no reply is necessary save the self-evident proposition that the property of the whole people should be developed primarily in the interest and for the benefit of the whole people. To the second form an admirable and adequate reply was made by Representative Sherley, of Kentucky, an able and sincere Democrat, when he said that he was opposed to States' rights when they become "a refuge for personal privilege." An equally cogent consideration is that the Constitutional right and duty of the Federal Government to control the navigable waters of the country cannot be adequately exercised unless the control extends to every part of a navigable river or navigable system. In the Connecticut River case, as in many other cases of water powers on navigable streams, the power created can be properly regarded as a mere incident or by-product of the task of improving and regulating navigation.

President Roosevelt and President Taft have laid down the principle that water powers must not be given away without compensation and without the retention of the right of control. The plan which Secretary Stimson has worked out in co-operation with the Connecticut River Company provides a constructive method for putting this principle into practice.

A WINNING FIGHT

The purely human destiny must necessarily be a losing fight. Given every favorable condition possible, the end must always be human defeat. A man may be born of strong ancestors, thoroughly trained in knowledge, successful in everything on which his heart is set, full of riches and honors. Up to a certain point he may seem victorious, and feel himself so. But all the while the face of failure is hidden behind the mask of success, only waiting its time to reveal itself inexorably. As he passes the prime of life, bodily weaknesses begin. They may not show themselves, but by the laws of nature they must increase. Nature pulls down every human body, sooner or later, as relentlessly as the hounds pull down the weary stag. At the same time, the men and women of the same generation are also passing. Friend after friend is taken away. The family circle cannot remain—one after another, in the changes of human life, marries, dies, or is alienated. The old saying, "If you hate a man, let him live!" is the compression of all these sure tragedies of age into a single bitter sentence. Last of all, death, inevitable, relentless, closes in on the once strong and vigorous body. Who can chant any pæan of triumph over human life in itself? Only the young and the strong, for a brief moment, have the illusion of victory. Let them live but long enough, and they will enter into the

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same hopelessness of defeat that the weak and the suffering know already.

This much of pessimism is sober truth. Where the pessimist loses truth is that he sees nothing more in life than the powers that are inevitably overcome and the hopes that must flicker to ashes. But the essence of being a man is that the breath of an eternal life has been breathed into the flesh that is so mortal. Taken by itself, human life is no more of a victory than animal life—indeed, is simply the life of a higher animal, with more mind, more foresight, stronger affections, and therefore more capacity to suffer. But taken in connection with something eternal implanted in man, and other eternal things existing outside of man, with which human destiny can be linked fast—why, the whole prospect changes at once. Things that are eternal cannot grow old. They cannot fade. They have the vitality of eternity in them. They are the most important things, the most necessary things, in human life, because they are the things of victory. Manifested in the flesh, they take hold on infinity nevertheless.

The winning fight is for a man to hold on to these everlasting realities. They transform everything. Pain sanctifies. Love is immortal. The decay of the body is but the releasing of the soul. The weak become the strong. When a man can say, "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain," what a trumpet cry of victory his words are to all the world! Human destiny becomes cosmic, and transcends the cosmos. Pessimism is human and temporal. Hope springs eternal, because it has eternity to look toward, and the vitality of immortal things behind it.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

Do you believe in a personal devil and eternal punishment?

Do you believe that it is possible to be "possessed by devils"?

Do you accept the annihilation theory as regards the ultimate end of the irreconcilably wicked?

How do you interpret the declaration of Jesus Christ in Matthew xxv. 46: "These shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal"?

Answering these questions directly, I reply: Since there are malignant spirits in the body doing and seeking to do evil, I see no reason to doubt that there may be such malignant spirits disembodied; nor any reason to doubt that they may exert a certain influence over us in life—an influence, however, which we can and ought to resist. And I think it quite possible that some cases of so-called moral insanity are really due to the yielding of the individual to the evil spirit or evil spirits, until, by yielding, the individual has lost the power of self-control.

I have long since abandoned the belief that any child of God, created in his image, will live forever in sin and suffering. I do not believe that any one has life independent of God, and I do not believe that God will keep any one alive eternally who is going on in sin and for whom there is no hope of redemption.

In the passage in Matthew quoted above, the words "everlasting" and "eternal" are translations of the same Greek word, and the Revised Version gives a truer translation of the text. The Revised Version reads "eternal" punishment and "eternal" life. Destruction would be, however, an everlasting punishment; that is, it would be a punishment from which there would be and could be no deliverance.

The Scriptures have much less to say about a future life than is perhaps generally supposed. The early books of the Old Testament make no reference to life after death. There is no reason to suppose that the Hebrew people prior to the exile had any more definite conception of future life than was possessed by other peoples. The references to life beyond death, even in the later prophets, are few and generally enigmatical. It was Jesus Christ who brought life and immortality to light, and in the teachings of Jesus Christ and of the Apostles portrayals of the future life are comparatively infrequent, and they are generally vague. Only in the Book of Revelation is there any attempt to picture either a heaven of rewards or a hell of punishment. The only exception to this statement is furnished by the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, in the sixteenth chapter of Luke.

No one would think of taking literally the pictures of heaven given in the Book of Revelation. No one supposes that heaven is really a walled city with golden pavements and pearly gates. It is difficult to see why the Church should have taken more literally the pictures of hell contained in the Book of Revelation. When in that

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book the author declares that he saw One like unto the Son of Man in the midst of the seven candlesticks, no one imagines that Jesus Christ dwells or dwelt in a candlestick. The language is symbolical, and simply signifies that Jesus Christ dwells in his Church. There is just as little reason for taking literally the statement that the beast and the prophet both "were cast alive in a lake of fire burning with brimstone;" yet, for some reason difficult to understand, preachers have taken some of the symbols in this book as symbols and others as literal descriptions.

In my grandfather's house was a family Bible, illustrated. One of the illustrations accompanied the counsel of Christ, "Why heedest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but seest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" The picture represented two men talking with each other, with a beam of wood protruding two or three feet in length from the eye of one of them. Perhaps it was this preposterous picture that had the effect early to set my mind against the literal interpretation of the Oriental imagery in the Bible.

The references in the Bible to the future life are not for the purpose of giving us exact information respecting that life. Indeed, it would be impossible to give such information. We can as little comprehend what the future life is to be as an unhatched bird in the egg could imagine what the life of the bird is to be on the wing, or the caterpillar creeping upon the ground could imagine what the life of the butterfly is to be in the air, or a little child in the nursery could comprehend what are to be the joys and the sorrows of manhood. The references of the Bible are for the purpose of giving warning and inspiring hope. They are addressed to the imagination, not to the intellect. Their object is not to give us instruction in the geography of another world, but to supply us with motives for conduct in this world.

Moreover, the vagueness is not only unavoidable, it is also desirable. It would be not to our advantage but to our disadvantage to have accurate knowledge respecting either heaven or hell. The wise father, when he gives a command to his child, does not add the threat, "If you disobey me, I will whip you." He leaves the child to understand that disobedience will be followed by suffering and obedience by reward. But he does not define the suffering and he rarely defines the reward. In civil government it is necessary to define the suffering, because otherwise the State would put too much power in the hands of the judge appointed to try the culprit. Punishments, therefore, in civil government must be defined; and to some extent this principle is applicable in schools as well. But this definition of punishment and reward is a distinct defect in government, due to the infirmity of mankind. The heavenly Father gives no such definition. The text referred to in one of the questions given above illustrates this method of using Scripture. Christ declares that the righteous shall go into eternal life and the wicked into eternal punishment, but he defines neither the one nor the other.

It is true that on more than one occasion Jesus referred to hell as a place of punishment; but, as I have already pointed out to the reader of these letters, hell in our English New Testament is used to translate two Greek words, one Hades, the other Gehenna. Hades means simply the abode of the dead; Gehenna was a valley outside of Jerusalem, where a fire was always kept burning, on which the refuse of the city was cast to be destroyed. The fire of Gehenna is a symbol, not of torment, but of destruction. And in Scripture, except in the Book of Revelation, fire is almost invariably a symbol either of destruction or of purification, almost never of torment. Any reader with a Concordance may verify this statement for himself.

Jesus Christ never endeavored to frighten men into paths of righteousness. Nor did he seek to win them to paths of righteousness by promise of reward. The notion that so much virtue should receive so much pay he distinctly and emphatically repudiated.

He told his disciples on more than one occasion that if they were to follow him they must take up their cross, they must suffer, they must expect tribulations. On one occasion Peter asked him, "What shall we have for following thee?" Jesus replied with the parable of the householder hiring laborers for the vineyard. To those who had worked all day long and to those who had worked only one hour in the day the householder gave the same wage, a penny, or denarius. Goodness of character is not a commercial article to be paid for. A child's service to his heavenly Father is not to be paid for at so much an hour. Goodness is to be sought for its own

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sake, and service is to be rendered in the spirit of love for the joy of serving.

The point of view which I am here attempting to give to my readers is abundantly confirmed by the history of the Christian Church. To attempt to convert men to the service of Christ by scaring them with threats of hell or enticing them with promises of the rewards of heaven has never accomplished permanent results. The religion of the Middle Ages in Europe, the religion of early Puritanism in England, both of which were largely founded on the motives of fear of punishment and hope of reward, do not furnish the highest types of religious life and experience. In the reactions against the literalism of the past we may be in danger of going too far in the other direction, but on the whole it is safe to say that a present-world religion is better for humanity than a future-world religion, if we must choose between the two. The ideal is a present-world religion inspired by the profound consciousness that this world and the other world, the present life and the future life, are one, and that we shall carry, when we cross the threshold into the other world, the character which we have formed here and the memory of the deeds we have done here.

To me there is no vision of the future more awe-inspiring than that suggested by the single utterance of Jesus in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus: "Son, remember."

LYMAN ABBOTT.

WOMEN AND THE PRICE OF EGGS

A REVIEW

TO the women of Philadelphia belongs the credit of having furnished the country with one of the most striking object-lessons it has ever had concerning the relation of speculation in food to the high cost of living. The women of Philadelphia discovered that the price of eggs was too high. They found that this price was artificially created and artificially maintained. They started a campaign to lower the price of eggs to a normal figure. In less than two weeks they had cut the price of eggs in Philadelphia almost in half.

This campaign for cheap eggs began about the middle of December, following an investigation conducted by the Philadelphia "North American" concerning the egg situation. The fall had been mild, and fresh eggs were abundant. Yet it was practically impossible to buy a fresh egg in the city of Philadelphia. The "North American" wanted to know why. It discovered that poultrymen were prohibited from shipping fresh eggs to Philadelphia. Eighty-five per cent of the retail grocery trade of Philadelphia is controlled by so-called "chain stores," and these chain stores were allied with the speculators in eggs. They were shutting the fresh eggs out of Philadelphia so that they could sell storage eggs. Approximately 700,000,000 eggs were held in storage. These storage eggs were laid the preceding April. They cost the speculators an average price of 20 to 22 cents a dozen. The chain stores were selling them for 30 to 45 cents a dozen—almost double what they cost. Housewives generally had had to curtail their purchases of eggs, and very many poor families had not tasted an egg for weeks.

To break this "corner" in eggs members of the Housekeepers' League determined to go into the business of selling eggs. The President of this association is Mrs. William B. Derr, and other women prominent in the movement were Mrs. Clarence L. Harper, Miss Eleanor Goepp, Mrs. John Fritsche, Mrs. Hugh Munro, Miss Mary V. Kemp, and Mrs. Porter R. Bradford. Through a Detroit cold-storage man they obtained options on great quantities of eggs. These eggs were put on sale in private homes, settlement houses, and in shops and stores of men in sympathy with the movement. Mayor Blankenburg gave the women permission to erect an egg booth in the City Hall Plaza, and one of the largest department stores in the city sold "housekeepers' eggs" in its grocery department. A uniform price of 24 cents a dozen was charged for these eggs. Every egg was candled and guaranteed by the Housekeepers' League. These eggs were of exactly the same kind and the same grade as the

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eggs that had been selling for 30 to 45 cents a dozen.

The rush to buy them was tremendous. In three days 6,480,000 eggs were sold. On the fourth day 215,000 dozen eggs were sold. At the end of five days 9,060,000 eggs had been sold. Grocers and shopkeepers throughout the city lowered their prices day by day until they too were selling eggs for 24 cents a dozen. They admitted that at that price they were making a profit on their sales.

Eventually the Housekeepers' League cut the price of eggs to 22 cents a dozen, for the wholesale market price fell to 19 cents a dozen. By the middle of January fresh eggs were coming in from the South. These were sold by the grocers for 40 to 45 cents a dozen. The Housekeepers' League established a price for fresh eggs of 27 cents a dozen. At this writing the League is selling nearly 150,000 fresh eggs daily at this price. In consequence the retailers have cut their own prices 5 to 10 cents a dozen.

Mrs. Derr aroused the hostility not only of the egg speculators, but also of those who, by the lending of money or by business connections, had common interests with these speculators. Mrs. Derr was subjected to abuse, so it is reported, and even insulted over her telephone; newspapers, friendly with the food speculators because of advertising contracts or for other reasons, harassed her. Impudent reporters affronted her with insinuating questions; interviews which she gave out were deliberately falsified; but the campaign went on.

Enlightened by what occurred in Philadelphia, associations of housewives in other cities took up the cudgels and by similar measures reduced the price of eggs. Thus Boston, Chicago, Baltimore, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, and other cities were furnished object-lessons the like of which they had never seen. In Pittsburgh, for instance, a mere threat on the part of the Marketing Clubs, presided over by Mrs. John S. Flannery, was sufficient. When the local egg dealers heard that the women were going to sell eggs at reduced prices, they "beat them to it." Eggs dropped in price from 35 to 23 cents a dozen, and butter from 42 and 45 to 32 cents a pound. So it went throughout the country wherever the influence of the housewives' associations was felt. In Center Market, Washington, eggs dropped to 22 cents a dozen.

Not everywhere did these low prices remain permanent; for many of the egg crusaders grew weary about the second watch. Wherever they discontinued their campaigns, the dealers jumped the prices up again. But these higher prices seldom reached the extreme figures that had obtained before the egg crusade began. In Philadelphia, however, Mrs. Derr and her colleagues stuck to their guns, and to-day, we are informed, any one can buy perfectly fresh eggs in that city for 27 cents a dozen.

The Housekeepers' League of Philadelphia estimates that it saved the Philadelphia public $300,000 through its sale of eggs. In reality that is perhaps the smallest thing the Housekeepers' League has accomplished. Its big accomplishment has been to show to the country at large a very concrete example of one reason why the cost of living is so high. It has shown that fresh foodstuffs are barred out of the market and allowed to rot in order that the speculators in food may make an exorbitant profit on a restricted food supply. It has shown, in the case of eggs, how the food supply is dammed back, locked away from the people, in order that a false scarcity may be created by which prices may be elevated. Millions of the eggs so stored away will never reach the consumer. They will rot in storage. Yet the consumer must pay for them. He is charged enough on the eggs he does buy to pay a profit on those that rot and are thrown away.

That this object-lesson furnished by Mrs. Derr has not been in vain is evidenced by the fact that her mail has been filled with communications from all manner of people commending her action and asking her to go a little farther in her campaign for the public good. It is not surprising that the people who consume should commend Mrs. Derr; but it is both remarkable and significant that people who produce should do likewise. From farmers and manufacturers in all parts of the country Mrs. Derr has received scores of letters. These men want to be put in touch with the consumers. From fruit-growers to clothing-makers they complain that, on the one hand, they are getting too little for their product, while, on the other hand, the consumer is paying entirely too much. If the middleman could be eliminated, and the consumer could deal directly with the producer, the producer could get more for his product and the consumer would pay less.

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AMATEUR ATHLETICS

A POLL OF THE PRESS

WHEN the athletes representing the United States won first honors in the Olympic Games at Stockholm last summer, newspaper comment then showed that all Americans were proud of the American victory. Newspaper comment now shows that all Americans are sorry and chagrined and mortified to learn that something not quite straight aided in the winning of our honors.

James H. Thorpe, an American Indian, who was a student at Carlisle, gained the most coveted prizes. These gave to America the credit of having developed the world's greatest athlete. More than that, this athlete had been developed from our aboriginal race, the race which once ruled this continent.

The King of Sweden presented the prizes, and Thorpe was the hero of the day. At that time no one suspected Thorpe to be other than an amateur. As a matter of fact, however, he had been, in a very small way to be sure, a professional baseball player. Hence he was not eligible to compete at the Olympic Games, which are for amateurs alone. The American Olympic Committee must now, therefore, apologize to the nations represented at Stockholm and return the prizes unfairly won. This will, of course, require a readjustment of the general list of awards. And this, in turn, will lead to a recapitulation of the points won at Stockholm by the competing nations.

SEMI-PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL

Important and impressive in itself, the Thorpe incident is, in the view of the American press, particularly striking because it emphasizes the problem of semi-professional baseball among college men. The question of the eradication of professionalism has troubled all of our colleges and universities ever since their undergraduates began to play the so-called "national game." The basic idea of amateur sport is, as the Philadelphia "Telegraph" says, "that the contest shall be as near even as possible. The professional who follows athletics as a livelihood possesses an unfair advantage over the man who participates in athletics solely for recreation or pleasure; therefore fair play demands that the professional be kept out of amateur sports." The "Telegraph" adds:

> Because of the temptation that college baseball players have to earn a little easy money during the summer playing on minor league teams, and the lukewarm and even indifferent attitude of our colleges and universities, the spread of the evil has become appalling. It was through the inducements of such agencies that the Indian, Thorpe, fell, and that intercollegiate baseball to-day is honeycombed with semi-professionalism.

"SIMPLY AN INDIAN SCHOOL-BOY"

Thorpe's plea that he was "not wise in the ways of the world" and "simply an Indian school-boy" will not, say most newspaper critics, excuse him. The Columbia, South Carolina, "State," however, thus defends the culprit:

> That Thorpe, being an Indian, may hardly be held with strict justice to so high a degree of moral accountability as his white competitors properly are, for evasions of the rules governing amateur athletics, is obviously a consideration to be pleaded in his defense at this juncture. His confession of having accepted money for playing baseball in North Carolina while he was a student at Carlisle also sets up a reasonable presumption that he did not at the time realize the effect of that course on his athletic status, though it must be admitted his silence since then concerning that episode has not been perfectly ingenuous.

The Buffalo "Express" discriminates as follows:

> Thorpe certainly knew the difference between honesty and dishonesty when he applied for and received the card from the Amateur Athletic Union, but even here there appears to be something to say in excuse of his act. He had seen others doing the same thing who, seemingly, had more reason through their training and education to be over-scrupulous in their discriminations.

The Gloversville, New York, "Herald" thus reflects the prevailing opinion:

> Every amateur knows he cannot accept money for his services, and even if the Carlisle student did not know it when he played in the South, he knew it last summer before going to Stockholm. He took a long chance, got away with it, and captured the world's championship, now to be stripped of that crowning achievement after a few months' possession of the title. It is a sickening case, and no nation can possibly regret more than the United States does that it

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permitted a professional to enter the Olympic Games.

NOT FOR MONEY

In the second place, it is urged that Thorpe did not play professional baseball for a salary, but because he liked to play the game. Says the Buffalo "Express:" "He had an independent income from his property which supplied him with all the money he needed," and the paper adds: "He was not on the diamond to earn a living or his way through college, as many college men are, and there was no profit in the playing for him except that which was derived from the pure pleasure of having an opportunity to gratify his athletic longings."

NO CONNECTION WITH OLYMPIC GAMES

In the third place, many papers note that none of Thorpe's victories at Stockholm can be attributed to what he did when playing baseball. So far as the Olympic Games are concerned, opines the Buffalo "Express," "he could as well never have seen a ball game, much less played in one." Hence "some will say that the punishment is pathetically excessive," comments the Washington "Herald," "since the offense was the playing of summer baseball in a Southern State." The paper declares: "Thorpe did not become a great runner, jumper, and weight-thrower through participation in professional baseball. His professionalism endowed him with no advantage over the college amateurs against whom he won his place on the American Olympic team."

THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION

No newspaper critic assumes that the officials of the Amateur Athletic Union knew of Thorpe's transgressions of the rules. The Gloversville, New York, "Herald" declares that no American and probably few unprejudiced foreigners will believe that the officials of the Union knew of the transgressions. "That body would never stoop to deceit or submit to blindfolding in order to win all the Olympic championships that there have been and are to be." But, if we may believe the Philadelphia "Telegraph," the Union is not thoroughgoing enough to rid our colleges and universities of the evil of semi-professionalism. Particularly as regards baseball, the Philadelphia paper recommends the formation of an Intercollegiate Baseball Association to promote honest amateurism, to eliminate the athlete who masquerades as an amateur during the college year and as a professional during the summer, and to ostracise all colleges which refuse to subscribe to such a code of athletic morals. The paper adds: "The thing can and must be done if this country is to be spared further humiliation of the sort which Thorpe has brought upon amateur athletics."

But whether it is done or not, in order to be consistent, the American Athletic Union is recommended diligently to turn its attention to semi-professionalism in our colleges. "What will it do," asks another Philadelphia paper, the "Times," "with the college athletes that are given their tuition free, their board free, their lodging free, and made the recipients of special favors 'on the side,' in order that their services on the football field and in track events may be utilized?" The "Times" admits that all colleges and universities are not guilty of so doing. "But many of them are," it avers, "and it is generally known and taken for granted as being justifiable." The "Times" gives the following details:

> One great Western university, not many years ago, kept a football player enrolled as one of its students who took no studies, was a confirmed thief, and had not the respect of any of the student body. The case was notorious, but the Amateur Athletic Union made no fuss over it.
>
> A great number of instances might be cited where the "stars" of collegiate sports were strangers to class-rooms and were retained by the educational institutions for the sole purpose of advertising the institution with which they were identified by their athletic prowess. There is every reason to believe that the Amateur Athletic Union knew of many such instances, but winked at them.
>
> If their move against Thorpe was not animated by sinister and personal motives, the Amateur Athletic Union will have a busy time cleaning up the ranks of collegiate athletics in order to make all amateurs as thoroughly amateurish as the Amateur Athletic Union insists Thorpe should have been in order to keep the honors he so clearly won.

Under all the circumstances the American Athletic Union's action seems to most newspaper critics appropriate and commendable. But there are exceptions. For instance, the Philadelphia "Times" sarcastically remarks:

> The sacred rules of the American Athletic Union must be observed. The pound of flesh must be demanded. Thorpe must be humiliated. He must give up the trophies and titles that he honestly won because of his perfect physical condition and prowess, and in the winning of which the pin-money he got for playing fourth-rate ball two years ago cut no figure whatever.
>
> The Amateur Athletic Union should feel proud over its accomplishment in "purifying"

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athletics by disgracing Thorpe and kicking up a muss that will be heralded the world over as a disgrace to this country.

All aspiring athletes will do well to ponder this action of the American Athletic Union and not play croquet, ping-pong, tiddly-winks, or button-button-who's-got-the-button for compensation. It puts them in the ranks of professionals and absolutely disqualifies them from being able to run, jump, hurdle, throw the discus, pole vault, or wrestle.

This, however, is not the attitude of most American newspapers.

INTERNATIONAL PRESTIGE

Perhaps the most notable of all the features of this event is its international character. The Washington "Herald" says: "It is an international affair, detrimental to the prestige of the United States the world around." For "the most serious feature of Thorpe's conduct is that he violated, not only the rules of amateur sport, but that he sacrificed the reputation of American athletics." Not so, replies the Columbia "State;" "the promptness and candor of the acknowledgment made to foreign competitors of Thorpe's lack of title to the Olympic honors will gain us credit abroad for an honest purpose to keep amateur athletics pure."

It is also worth while to contrast the comments of the foreign press. That of Great Britain in general is surprisingly lenient. This may possibly be due, uncharitably thinks the Baltimore "Evening Sun," to an uneasy feeling that some British athletic champions may be "tarred with the same stick." The Baltimore paper instances the case of several famous Rugby footballers "who are to be brought up for playing football for money in France last summer," and concludes: "While we are cleaning house, it might be well for the British and French to make an investigation of their own athletes." As to France, the "Evening Sun" adds that the standing as amateurs of several French contestants in the Olympic Games is also questioned, and that one particular champion is in danger of suspension.

Be this as it may, there is a startling contrast in this winter's comment by the foreign press with last summer's. Then we were told that, as regards athletics, Americans "think too much of winning," that "they make sport too much of a business," and even that they are "tricky." Now the London "Globe" declares that the American committee was, it is true, "very late" in finding out the facts, but it quotes approvingly the statement of Captain Jones, Secretary of the British Olympic Association, who exonerates the Americans and says that "they are behaving handsomely in a trying situation." The London "Pall Mall Gazette" goes the "Globe" one better in affirming that "excommunication is too severe a punishment for Thorpe." But the climax is reached by the London "Daily News," which declares that "Great Britain thinks none the worse of the Indian for his baseball crime."

THE SONG OF TO-MORROW

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

Sing of To-morrow, though To-day be dark,
Though all its argosies have gone astray,
And, tossed by tides on bleak unfriendly shores,
Drift the wrecked galleons of Yesterday.

Yet sing, for lo! beneath the morning star,
Faint through the mists shine out the city gates.
There lies thy port: sing loud the song of hope.
"*Beyond To-day, To-morrow always waits.*"

Sing for the ships that beat against the gale,
Sing for the souls that front the storm alone,
Sing for thyself, lest thou forget that land
Of Heart's-Desire where all thy hopes have flown.

Glad with the songs thy lips could never sing,
Rich with the treasures of thy lost estates,
Crowned with the triumphs thou hast striven to win,
"*Beyond To-day, To-morrow always waits.*"

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"WHO BROKE THE WINDOW?"

ANSWERED BY OUTLOOK READERS

FOUR weeks ago The Outlook presented to the consideration of its readers the following questions which had been submitted to it by Principal Hall, of Mansfield, Ohio:

Good and Bad are two boys, each fourteen years of age. They attend the same school. One day Bad said to Good, "I am going to throw a snowball through the window." Good made no reply. Bad threw the snowball and broke the window, and Good saw him do it. The next morning at school the teacher asked the pupils singly and privately the questions, "Do you know who broke the window?" and "Who broke the window?"

1. What should Good say when the teacher asked him, "Do you know who broke the window?"
2. What should Good say when she asked him, "Who broke the window?"
3. Should the teacher have asked the boy these questions?
4. Should the teacher have the same right as the court in compelling Good to tell?
5. Modern American schools are rapidly adopting systematic instruction in ethics. In your opinion, should children throughout the public schools be *taught* that it is their duty to tell the truth about wrong-doing when questioned by a competent authority?

We promised our explicit answers to these questions on one condition; namely, that our readers should indicate a desire for such answers, and that those who asked for our answers should indicate their own.

As might be expected, there is a great difference of opinion expressed. Many of those who have written us have expressed their opinion not only as to the answer to these questions, but also as to The Outlook's point of view on the subject. In order that we may keep our part of the bargain we here put in brief form our explicit answers to the questions, and then we shall leave the rest of the discussion to our readers:

1. When the teacher asks Good, "Do you know who broke the window?" Good, in our opinion, will answer, "I do."

2. When the teacher asks Good, "Who broke the window?" Good, in our opinion, will answer, "I prefer not to tell."

3. Whether it is wise for the teacher to ask these two questions depends somewhat upon circumstances and upon the purpose of the questions. That it is unwise in almost all instances for the teacher to ask the second question seems to us to be demonstrated by experience.

4. We have seen no adequate reason for supposing that any advantage would come from investing the teacher with the same right to compel Good to reply that a court possesses with regard to refractory witnesses.

5. We do not believe that formal instruction of children in ethics by means of laying down certain laws or precepts as to conduct, to be followed as one follows a physician's prescription, can be productive of generally good results. The important thing to remember is not the necessity of teaching morals, but the necessity of training character. It is a common error to suppose that the assertion of a proposition in the hearing of children, in such a fashion that they can repeat the assertion when called upon to do so, constitutes education. We believe that the teacher who understands his pupils will do more for the training of their character through the ordinary operations of a school-room, including those which have to do with discipline, than can be accomplished by any amount of formal instruction. The question whether children in the public schools should reveal what they know about wrong-doing when questioned by competent authority is one which might well be made the subject of discussion in the class. Until boys and girls are old enough to discuss those questions themselves, it is, in our opinion, best that they should acquire an intelligent control of their own conduct by daily experience under guidance in their relations with their fellows and their teachers.

Now we shall follow our own counsel and leave this question to the discussion of the class. The discussion will be opened by a story:

THE SLINGSHOTS

When Dad returned from the city he found five windows "smashed" in his new house up by the school grounds.

Yes, it was malicious, for small pebbles lay about among the broken glass, and BB shot were stuck into the frames. The shot, moreover, all seemed to come from the direction of the school playground.

He calculated rapidly. Eight dollars' worth

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of glass! His muscles hardened and his face flushed.

Just then the principal of the school and her teachers crossed the yard on their way to luncheon. Dad smoothed out his features and voice and lifted his hat.

Did the ladies know that his property had been demolished by school-boys, and could they help him bring the offenders to justice?

The principal picked her way daintily through the broken glass. The evidence was convincing.

"The boys all have slingshots," she said, "but I did not know that they used them for this purpose." Then, turning to her teachers, she said: "After dinner find out who did this; and if they do not confess, put every slingshot in the furnace." "I am sorry this happened, Mr. Dad, and the boys shall be punished."

The sympathy of a pretty young woman had smoothed Dad's temper instantly. While she spoke he rapidly constructed the picture. After luncheon fifty slingshots would be taken, amid high words and with more or less violence, from the guilty and innocent alike. Then the smell of burning rubber would permeate the room. The girls would titter, and the boys, by writing notes and by nods and emphatic irate gestures, would plan vengeance on the guilty ones, the teachers, and Dad.

He looked at the principal critically as she finished speaking. Evidently she had never been a boy and was incapable of understanding boy ethics.

"I have just been thinking," said Dad, "that I can handle the situation alone, perhaps."

"I think those slingshots ought to go in the stove," said the principal, resolutely.

"The boys would soon have some more. Won't you leave the whole matter with me? I am sorry that I troubled you."

The principal looked at him quizzically. Here was a man who wanted her help to protect his property, and when she had offered it, refused to take it. Talk about women changing their minds! "Very well," she said, haughtily, "we will leave it entirely with you."

The young ladies walked away with their heads close together, and Dad felt his ears burning.

That afternoon $7.75 worth of glass and twenty-five cents' worth of putty came up from the hardware store. Puttying glass is not exhausting mentally, and Dad had time to look about and think.

After school was dismissed, the town boys gathered in a hollow some distance away. Every now and then a head bobbed up as in a prairie-dog town to see that no one stole a march. But Dad was not going to make any more "breaks." As he pried out three-cornered pieces of zinc and puttied, he was living over his boyhood.

Finally a scout came over from the hollow. He came warily, as if expecting oral or physical violence; but, finding Dad sociable, they had a visit. "Wonder what happened to the windows?" said the scout, looking skyward, as if he were thinking of a cataclysm of nature. Dad pried out a BB with his pocket-knife and tossed it to the scout, laughing as he did so. The scout grinned too. Dad's voice grew pathetic again as he thought of his woes. "It's rather hard on me just now. The plasterers were coming to-morrow, and now I must disappoint them. Besides, it costs a lot, you know, to put in so many."

"That's just what I told Bunny," said the scout, sociably.

Ah! There was the leader—Benjamin Bad, the grocer's son, called "Bunny" from his habit of twitching his nose when he was mad.

Dad changed the conversation. To take advantage of a slip in friendly conversation and get Johnny Good into trouble was not fair. Dad remembered how he had hated a squealer. He did yet, for that matter. Why pit the loyalty to friend against the loyalty to society? Were they not both good? Would a boy that was disloyal to the gang be loyal to home or society later?

Dad kept his ears open, and in ten days he had the story pieced together. Several times he met "Bunny" with the gang, but that was not the time or place.

About two weeks later "Bunny" caught a ride with Dad, thinking that the matter had blown over entirely. "I have been waiting," said Dad, in the course of their conversation, "for you to tell me something."

"We never went to do it, Mr. Dad," said "Bunny," in a matter-of-fact way. "'Red' hit the window shooting at a cat. Then I bet him my glass alley that I could shoot through the hole and never touch a thing. I had awful luck that day because the rubber in my nigger-shooter was weak, but it is all right now."

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Just then a dog ran out yapping. "Give him fits," said Dad in an undertone so the farmer's wife could not hear. "I'd pay for the glass," volunteered "Bunny" after the dog ran in with a yelp, "but I spent every cent at that show last week."

"It is really no one's business but yours and 'Red's' and mine. I wish we could arrange it without a lot of others dipping in. I've got to hire a man to sift a load of sand in the morning. You see 'Red,' and if you boys sift it we will call it square."

The next day, while Dad was getting some sugar, the grocer paused with scoop upraised. "Say, did my boy break out four windows for you? If he did, I'll pay for them and give him what he deserves!"

Here was still another opportunity to make a mess of everything. Had he not told "Bunny" the thing was square?

"If your boy broke any glass for me, he owned up, paid up, and shut up. That's about all that you or I could do or all that business or etiquette or justice requires."

"He paid you by sifting about twenty-five cents' worth of sand, and the glass must have cost five dollars, so my eldest boy said."

"Now look here," said Dad. "Before you sit in judgment on this case you must decide whether it is the glass or the boy you are trying to save. By the way, window glass was rather fragile when you were a youngster, wasn't it?"

The grocer had caught the weight and was about to throw the scoop back, but, this allusion to his childhood absorbing his attention, the scoop tilted down and the rest of the sugar ran into the sack. The grocer tied it up, absent-mindedly, and pushed it over the counter. "Dad," he said, "you must have been a tough kid yourself."

Madison, Wisconsin. P. H. HAWKINS.

Though this story shows a method of dealing with the situation concerning which Principal Hall's questions were asked, it does not answer the questions specifically. In fact, many of our readers do not attempt to do so. They rather express their several points of view. Some, however, are explicit. For example, we quote from a long letter that comes to us from Nevada:

AUTHORITY—AND PISTOLS

This question is one which I have often discussed with teachers and others; and I am free to admit that I have changed my mind and now hold an entirely different opinion from the one I first held. I will first give you my answers to the questions, and then I will as briefly as possible give my reasons for thinking as I do.

To the first question, "Do you know who broke the window?" "Yes."

To the second question, "Who broke the window?" he should say, "Bad."

To the third question, "Should the teacher have asked the boy these questions?" I must qualify by saying that, while it ought not to be necessary for the teacher to ask the questions, as I think Good should have volunteered the information, she had a perfect right to do so.

To the fourth question, "Should the teacher have the same right as the court in compelling Good to tell?" If the boy Good refused to answer, he should be made to feel that he was as guilty for concealing the fact as Bad for committing the offense. And if he should tell her he did not know, which (being Good) he should not do, he is plainly an untruthful boy; and truth should be the foundation of education.

To the fifth question, "In your opinion, should children throughout the public schools be taught that it is their duty to tell the truth about wrong-doing when questioned by competent authority?" I give an emphatic "Yes." And pray why not? The answer to the last question involves the answer to all of the preceding ones, more or less, and the answer to this question hinges on the question of "competent authority." Is the authority of the teacher "competent authority"? The child is not amenable to the laws of the land, but his parents are responsible for him until he is of age. Do we question the right of the parent to govern? No. Very well. If those parents, through their board of education, formulate rules for the government of schools, and appoint the teacher to enforce those rules, is not the authority of that teacher "competent authority"? I say it is as competent as the authority given our executive officers in government of the State. So much for the legal aspect of the question as to whether or not the teachers have jurisdiction. Now let us take up the ethical, the moral side, and see what we get. As one false step ever leads to more, is it not as much for the benefit of Bad himself that the teacher be told, as for the school and society? For if he breaks the window and gets away with it, will it not encourage him to worse

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deeds? And since it might have been an act that would corrupt the morals of other boys that was committed, instead of the mere inconvenience of a broken window, where can you draw the line, or will you let the pupil draw the line, as to what he must or must not tell? Would it not be better to draw the line at the infringement of any rule of the school—granted that we have common-sense rules?

A teacher of a small country school recently told me of a boy nine or ten years of age who brought a loaded pistol to school. The other children mentioned it to the teacher and he called the boy up and asked him about it. The boy admitted that he had had the pistol the previous day, but said he did not have it then. The teacher became suspicious and asked the other scholars, and they said he did have it, which gave the teacher the chance to reason with the boy. One infringement, carrying the pistol, here led to another, that of falsehood; and I tremble to think what might have happened had this school been taught "group loyalty." Not long ago a boy in a neighboring school had his arm shot off; and I protest against a system that puts my boy at the mercy of such circumstances.

Take an incident where a physician knew of a patient afflicted with an incurable, communicable disease. Yet he lets that patient marry, and, without any warning on the physician's part, inflict the suffering and degradation upon an innocent person. That physician is as guilty in my mind as though he were to murder the victim with a knife.

To quote your article, "to require of him an obedience to the authority of the teacher that involves a renouncing of his allegiance to the group of which he is a member, to subordinate his relations with his schoolmates to commands of the teacher, is not to prepare him for good citizenship, but to weaken those very ties which hold together the structure of society and render good citizenship possible." Can you imagine anything that would please "gangsters" (organized criminals) more than to have this idea embodied in the law, or even generally accepted as right? Would you have a different law for each group or gang—for the thief one, for the forger another, for highwaymen another, and for good citizens still another? For neither of these groups would want to admit the authority of the other and each would want the law enforced on the other.

For five years I have held a Government position the duties of which involve more or less the enforcement of law, and the greatest drawback with which I have had to contend has been the reluctance of the people to tell on each other. Special Agents of the Land Office, along this line, can give instances innumerable where one man will not tell on his neighbor even when he knows fraud has been perpetrated. What else could make possible the conditions existing in New York except "gang loyalty" and the habit of not wanting to tell on somebody else?

I fail to see the radical difference between the boy in school and the citizen of the State. Is it not in school that he first learns the rudiments of citizenship?—and the principal one of these is recognition of authority. To be sure, the authority does not emanate from the pupil, but what kind of a school would we have if it did? Such a situation is impossible, as the child is not yet fit for self-government. We are just teaching him the first principles; and recognition of the rights of others should be learned early.

Gold Creek, Nevada. C. S. TREMEWAN.

This letter expresses in general the view of a number of readers. It is indorsed in part or in whole by more than one teacher and by a college president. The latter, President Harper, of Elon College, North Carolina, devotes a good deal of his letter not so much to the questions themselves as to his understanding of our former comments upon them. He believes that those comments express the views of what he calls the "new Paidology," which would substitute for Solomon's maxim, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," another maxim, "Let the child grow up in his own way, recapitulating the epochs of race development in his conduct, and when he is a man he will be a good one." He argues that the authority of the teacher is a group authority, for it is derived from the school board, and thence from the State Legislature, and thence from the people. President Harper evidently misunderstands our use of the term. In one sense, of course, all the human race belongs to a single group, but in the case of a school the teacher does not belong to the specific group that the children belong to. So far as the group of boys and girls is concerned in most schools, the teacher is outside, and to the extent to which the teacher exercises the authority of the school board and the

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community, to that extent her authority is not a group authority so far as the group of children is concerned.

But now let us return to President Harper's views. The idea that the teacher should not require of pupils the renouncement of their allegiance to the group is one from which he prays Providence to deliver us: "The teacher," President Harper infers, "is to be subordinate to the commands of the group of which the boys are members! Parents cannot control their children because to do so would be to come into conflict with the group spirit of the youthful human creatures and unprepare them for citizens. The city must not antagonize the group spirit of the boys because that would be sure to disqualify them to be citizens later on. So the wise thing to do would be to turn our homes, our schools, our churches, and our civil government over to the boys, because, admittedly you must give the next generation the very best citizens possible! . . . Solomon was mistaken when he thought parents should train up their children, for we now see that the process should be reversed, and in this enlightened day children should train up their parents!" If the chairman may be excused for taking part in the discussion, we may add that, whether children should train up their parents or not, they undoubtedly do so. President Harper finds much to criticise in the view that the individual tersely repeats in his experience the experiences of the race, and he asks:

> Did the mind always go through these stages, or did it in the Patriarchal Period stop with the Clique, in the Tribal Period with the Gang, in the Feudal Period with Chivalry, in the Revolutionary Period with Self-Assertion, in the Republic Period with Co-operation? And what ever caused it to advance from one epoch to the other except the authority of adults, or did the adults in the Race Epochs refuse to submit to boy leadership, and so delay the Republic Period in the world's history till comparatively recent years? There is as much reason in "recapitulation," as taught by Paidology, as in evolution as it is understood by this same science. If the boy mind could not have passed from one epoch to another till the race had advanced to the corresponding epoch, then there is nothing sacred about this recapitulation that this science pleads for and depends upon; and as racial development has always forced the boy and the recalcitrant adult as well to accept its standard, it must continue to do so in the interest of the boy and the race. Evolution was never so misunderstood as these new Paidologists misunderstand it.

Mr. W. O. Wallis, writing from the University of Pennsylvania, agrees with President Harper in casting doubt upon the recapitulation theory. He says that we have no assurance that our race passed through these various epochs of social development, and that the scheme of development as it is repeated is a wholly fictitious and imaginary one, and that there is no evidence of historical or genetic connection between the different types of tribal life.

Another correspondent, Mr. E. A. Strong, of the Department of Physical Science of the Michigan State Normal College, likewise calls this theory into question.

President Harper points out that the law deals summarily with those adults who unite in gangs to protect themselves in unlawful conduct, and declares that boys should be taught that they are to respect the rights, persons, and property of others or pay the penalty, and in insisting that this is the duty of boys we shall show no disrespect to the boys themselves nor to their ideals. He concludes by saying that that system of government which neglects this primary duty to its immature members, whether of the home, the school, the church, or the State, will bring upon itself inevitable ruin and disaster.

We believe that all will agree with President Harper in his contention that one of the inherent weaknesses of our time is that children do not know how to obey authority, and with the statement which he quotes from President Faunce that the child who has not learned to obey has been deprived of one of the best parts of his heritage. The question is not one as between obedience and disobedience. If it were, we believe there would be no room for discussion. The real question is how to secure obedience and to train the will in obedience as a habit. President Harper believes that this can be done in one way. Others among our readers believe that it can best be done in another way. That is the real point at issue.

There are many readers who take the same view with President Harper and Mr. Tremewan. One mother tells us that she has a son whom she has always tried to teach the great necessity of always telling the truth and of being frank and honest in all things. If he had seen Bad break the window, she writes, and had been questioned regarding the matter, this mother would have been greatly disappointed in him if he had not willingly and without disguise told what he had seen. She believes that the teacher

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had a perfect right to ask the question, and that the teacher had the right to expect a straightforward answer.

So says a correspondent from California:

"Under the conditions stated Good has no choice. As a good citizen of the school community he must answer to preserve school discipline. . . . Undeniably, allegiance to friends and companions is a most desirable characteristic, but allegiance to a gang or an individual leader of a gang in defiance of law and constituted authority brings its own reward. The child who does not obey his parents, the boy who will not obey his teacher, the man who defies the law—of such is composed the horde of vandals who follow in the wake of armies, pillaging and burning and pilfering. Weak men dominated by vicious companions are filling our prisons full to overflowing."

One writer calls attention to the statement of the Public Service Commission of New York on the Corning wreck that the shielding of offending railway employees by other employees "arises from the mistaken sense of loyalty to a fellow-workman, and in the end its most disastrous consequences are visited on the very people whose generosity and good nature are invoked to set it in motion."

Mr. C. M. Pierce, of Hudson, Iowa, asks: "Does not the very fact that Bad knows that neither Good nor any other people will 'peach' on him make him more bold in his defiance of all law and order, as well as destructive in his habits?" And this writer warns us that red blood must not be mistaken for bad blood. "Good and Bad outwardly look alike. Each, no doubt, has snowballs; the same window before them, the same challenge, or, may we say, the same temptation. Bad yields, and does what he knows is wrong. Good does not; not because he is 'less a boy,' but because he is more a real boy. He meets temptation and overcomes because his blood is red." That is an interesting point of view.

A high school teacher in Wisconsin points out the fact that if the teacher himself helps to fashion the group ideal of the pupils in his charge and is often guided by it, he and the boys are not then in two camps; they are fighting together. Under these circumstances, this teacher suggests, there is no condemnation in tale-bearing. This teacher adds: "Where a spirit of good fellowship and understanding reigns, boys fearlessly reveal interesting facts. Such information must be respected. It is not so much ammunition; it is light. So regarded there is nothing immoral about it, even from a boy's point of view."

Most of the readers who have taken part in the discussion so far evidently believe that Good **should** *tell. Perhaps the last one quoted might prefer to have her opinions summarized by the statement that if the school is the right kind of school, Good* **will** *tell. There are other readers who* **dissent** *strongly from the view that Good should be* **made** *to tell. We are reserving the publication of their side of the question to a later issue.*

EARTH AND INFINITY

BY AUGUSTUS WIGHT BOMBERGER

There's part o' the sun in an apple;
  There's part o' the moon in a rose;
There's part of the flaming Pleiades
  In every leaf that grows.
Out of the vast comes nearness;
  For the God whose love we sing
Lends a little of his heaven
  To every living thing.

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BERGSON: CREATOR OF A NEW PHILOSOPHY

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

Henri Bergson is now in America and has been delivering lectures before large audiences at Columbia University, New York City. The present article gives an intimate view of his personality and methods of thinking and writing. It will be followed by a discussion of his philosophy.—THE EDITORS.

WITH a view to securing the seclusion which he esteems indispensable to the smooth running of his mental machinery, Henri Bergson fixed his home a few years ago in what he believes to be the only absolutely tranquil spot of Paris, the Villa Montmorency, well out toward the Auteuil Gate, a proprietary village of half a dozen gracefully bowing streets and several scores of garden-encompassed houses surrounded by a high wall, the portals of which are closed after nightfall and guarded by vigilant *concierges* during the day; a veritable nest of verdure, an ideal retreat, silent, unfrequented, slumberous; a fragment of the provinces dropped down in the metropolis, of whose very existence nine-tenths of the best-seasoned Parisians are totally unaware.

Most of the houses are new; but a few are relics of the period, not so very remote, when this part of Paris was open country. The house of Bergson belongs to the latter class. It is a rectangular, two-story, flat-roofed, big-windowed mansion, fronted by an ample garden. The study, at the right of a commodious central hall, is as big as an entire modern city flat—so big, in fact, that the philosopher, when he is ensconced therein, bears an amusing resemblance to a lady-bug on a grape-vine leaf or a bee in the heart of a squash blossom. His work-desk, an oblong table solidly planted upon six feet, is very near the geometrical—I had almost said the geographical—center of the vast room, so remote from the windows that the possibility of being distracted by their charming garden outlook is reduced to a minimum. There are several crowded wall bookcases, two or three tables overloaded with books and documents, while books, pamphlets, and reviews bestrew the floor. If there are other furnishings, they are not noticeable. From Bergson's workshop one would never guess his ardent love of beauty and his intelligent interest in all the arts. Nothing, not even the objects he adores, must be allowed to interfere with his concentration in his work.

When he has a new book in prospect, Bergson devotes years to preliminary reading, observation, and reflection. Once he has mastered his subject, or, better, perhaps, once his subject has mastered him, he composes hastily, without stopping to make the slightest correction, in order not to interrupt the impetus (*élan*, to use his favorite word) of his thinking. Then he deliberately licks the manuscript into shape, controlling, revising, and polishing with infinite conscientiousness and pains. He rises early the year round, which does not prevent him from often retiring late. When engaged in research, he spends many afternoons at the National Library or the Medical Faculty. He used to reserve the hour between eleven and noon for visitors, but he has abandoned this hospitable habit latterly out of sheer necessity. Personally, he would be contented to pass the entire year in the peaceful Villa Montmorency; but, for the sake of his family, he goes every summer for a couple of months to St. Cergue, a village of the Swiss Jura near Nyon on the western shore of Lake Geneva—not to rest, but, circumstances permitting, to vary slightly his work. His dwelling there is a chalet-like cottage (called Villa Bois-Gentil, from an evergreen forest close by) provided

BERGSON'S IDEAL FOR PHILOSOPHY

From his first lecture in New York

Imagine that you are listening to a drama. You feel an increased sense of reality. Through the interpretation of the drama you feel life more intensely. The same is true when you listen to good music. Philosophy ought to do the same. It should make us feel an increased sense of reality, of vitality.

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with an inclosed veranda whereon most of the family life is passed, particularly when the weather conditions forbid going out of doors.

Bergson has a fascinating and impressive, but not a sanguine or robust, personality, its fundamental vigor being veiled by graciousness and grace. He is below rather than above the average height, has a somewhat fox-like face, a prominent nose, like Emerson, Spinoza, and Descartes (some one should write an essay upon the relation between the nasal appendage and the philosophical temperament), osseous features (less rather than more osseous as he advances in age), penetrating eyes, shaggy eyebrows, a precise mouth, and the relic of a dimple just below the under lip. His mustache, which he wears close-cropped, after the American fashion, is in the pepper and salt stage, and his hair (thin and refractory on the crown) has practically passed it. The most distinctive thing about his attire—a detail that gives it a touch of fastidiousness—is a white *passe-poil* under the waistcoat. Otherwise he dresses with an equal avoidance of dandyism and carelessness—upright collar, round cuffs, cushion cravat, discreet scarf-pin. The frock-coat and the tall or derby hat are imposed upon him by the French university tradition, but he gladly takes refuge from their stiffness in jacket, soft felt hat, and gaiters when opportunity permits. Had I been asked for these details after my first meeting with him, I could not for the life of me have given them, for I was so spellbound by the splendor of his phosphorescent intellectuality—may the king of anti-intellectualists pardon me the expression!—that it did not occur to me to remark them; and if I can give them now, it is because I forced myself on subsequent auspicious occasions to make mental note of them. This is the best possible proof—is it not?—that in conversation Bergson is a veritable sorcerer. "He is simple and cordial," writes one who knows him well, "but if anybody ventures to direct the conversation to his person or his books, he contrives to change the subject. For that matter, he likes to repeat that he has no system, no general principle from which to deduce consequences and which permits him to reply to no matter what question upon no matter what subject. Proposing ideas rather than imposing them, he examines the problems submitted to him from the most diverse points of view, but never does he offer a Bergsonian solution, properly speaking. You can easily make him talk upon the most varied subjects—music, philology, literature. In all these domains his observations reflect his extraordinarily penetrating intelligence. And yet he seems, in certain respects, to be living remote from the century; thus he never makes an allusion to a contemporaneous political event."

"A great new philosopher, a great new metaphysician," says the rugged, eccentric Charles Péguy, who bids fair to merit one day the appellation of the French Carlyle, "is in no wise a man who succeeds in demonstrating that his illustrious predecessors, separately and all together (and notably the nearest in date), were the greatest of imbeciles. He is a man who has invented some new aspect, some new reality of the eternal reality; he is a man who, in his turn, enters with his voice the eternal concert." Bergson is unquestionably a philosophical genius, but he is not the isolated genius that many Bergsonians endeavor to make him out. His philosophy is not a flash of lightning out of a clear sky, and he is too profoundly modest—unostentatiousness, next to consecration to his mission, being his most distinguishing trait—to wish it to pass for such. "In his judgments of other philosophers," observes the friend cited above, "he is almost always exceedingly benevolent. His admirations are of the most classic sort; he recommends reading one great work of Descartes, or of Kant, rather than a hundred contemporaneous volumes. But especially Plotinus in antiquity and Leibnitz in modern times appear to be his favorites. He is sure that he perceives in Plotinus psychological intuitions of genius. He is marvelously familiar with Leibnitz, and can institute a thousand comparisons between a given passage of the 'Monadology,' the 'Essays of Theodiceus,' or the 'Discourse on Metaphysics,' and other passages dispersed in the innumerable tracts, pamphlets, letters, and notes of the same author." Among the more recent philosophers he appreciates particularly Maine de Biran, Ravaisson, and William James. Indeed, he regards Ravaisson as his intellectual and spiritual father. He delivered a touching and beautiful eulogy of his master before the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences a few years back, and he never lets an occasion slip to proclaim his debt of gratitude to the lofty thinker who "united closely the Greek spirituality of the intelligence with the Christian spirituality of the will and of the heart." In the Preface

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to "L'Évolution Créatrice" Bergson represents his own works as "attempts, not to solve at a stroke the greatest problems, but merely to define a method and to suggest the possibility of applying it at certain essential points." "This philosophy," he adds, "in contradistinction to the systems proper, each one of which is the work of a genius and offers itself as a block to be accepted or rejected, can be constituted only by the collective effort of many thinkers." And he severely rebuked the mathematician Émile Borel for declaring the eight books of the "Physics of Aristotle" to be "just so much amusement for the curiosity of the bibliophiles." As it is something other than a coincidence that Bergsonism has emerged almost simultaneously with Anglo-Saxon Pragmatism and with German Activism and Neo-Vitalism, so it is something other than a coincidence that the same period, speaking in the large, which has produced Bergson's philosophy of the intangible and the eternally incomplete has also produced the Neo-Christianity of de Vogüé, the philosophical Syndicalism of Georges Sorel, the Sillonism of Marc Sangnier, Modernism in the Church and Nationalism and Neo-Royalism in politics; the dramas of Paul Claudel, the dramas and essays of Maurice Maeterlinck; the novels of Pierre Loti, Maurice Barrès, and André Gide; the poems of Verlaine, Mallarmé, Paul Fort, and Francis Jammes; the sculptures of Rodin and Bourdelle; the paintings of Gauguin and Eugène Carrière; the decorations of Puvis de Chavannes, Albert Besnard, Maurice Denis, and Henri Martin; the operas of Claude Debussy; the *vers libre* and rhythmic prose schools, Impressionism, Neo-Impressionism, Post-Impressionism, Pointillism, Symbolism, Cubism, Futurism, and a host of other independent movements in literature and art, which are all, however groping and ridiculous the most extreme of them may appear, attempts to express and to glorify the sub-conscious, the impalpable, and the imprecise.

Henri Bergson was born October 18, 1859, in a short and quiet street of the wholesale business section of Paris, the Rue Lamartine, in which there was a small Jewish synagogue at that time. The Square Montholon, frequented as to its eastern half by working people and as to its western half by the *bourgeoisie*, is hard by, and it is safe to affirm that the little Henri played in the *bourgeois* half with the children of the neighborhood. His mother was an Englishwoman, and, although French was ordinarily employed in the household, he heard enough of the English tongue to make its thorough acquisition a comparatively easy matter for him in later years. At nine he entered as a day scholar the Lycée Condorcet (situated in the Rue Caumartin within easy walking distance of his home), where he had as classmates Léon Gandillot, now a well-known dramatist; René Doumic, now an eminent critic and member of the French Academy; and Theodore Reinach, now a learned Hellenist and Orientalist. A photograph taken toward the end of this lycée period shows a full, almost chubby, and decidedly pretty face, grave, dreamful eyes, and a veritable shock of hair. The year before his graduation he won a mathematical prize in a contest in which all the lycées of Paris participated. By this time he had elected to become a teacher, and his professors, impressed by his scientific gifts, urged him to devote himself to science; but finally, after a long and hard struggle, he decided, in defiance of his counselors, in favor of philosophy. In 1878 he entered the literary department of the École Normale Supérieure, and in 1881 he was graduated from this institution with the title *agrégé de philosophie*.

The young Normalian began his teaching career at Angers, the natal city of Chevreul, David d'Angers, and René Bazin, in the lycée which Bazin, who is somewhat his senior, had attended a few years before. We have ample testimony that he taught there the philosophy laid down in the official programmes. "So young then," writes one of his pupils, "with a subtle, restrained gayety, very simple of manner and totally devoid of pedantry, M. Bergson already appeared clothed with a prestige that imposed deference. The most frivolous, the most obtuse among us, obscurely divined in him potential genius. Without clearly foreseeing his brilliant destiny, we felt that our professor would go far. He already possessed a persuasive and suggestive talent for demonstration, fortified by astonishing erudition, and the exact and elegant language, the deliberate sobriety of which often arrayed itself with poetic color." Another of his Angers pupils, René Chollet, who was awarded the Philosophy prize in 1882 and who is now Mayor of Cheffes and Councilor-General of the Department of Maine-et-Loire, is less enthusiastic; he is appreciative, but with reservations. "I see

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Monsieur Bergson again," M. Chollet writes me, "as if it were but yesterday, with his young man's features; short mustache and unbearded, smooth-shaven visage easily blushing and of a uniform hue. He replaced, a few days after the opening of the semester, our first professor of philosophy, Monsieur Souriau [since well known in the philosophical world], whom we adored and whom we would have been glad to keep the whole year. This means that M. Bergson was immediately and closely studied and watched, the more that the orthodoxy of his course, and his pretension to follow the programme and nothing but the programme, conflicted with the habits we had acquired under his predecessor, always ready to follow us when we diverted the discussion. M. Bergson's delivery, at first jerky and of uniform *timbre*, gradually became more supple, and his sentences grew longer and fused together without abrupt breaks. He cunningly gave a word all the meanings that favored his theories and refused it all those that favored our objections. [It is interesting to note that M. Julien Benda has recently brought precisely the same charge against him in a volume entitled "Le Bergsonisme une Philosophie de la Mobilité."] He took up his position squarely as a defender of spiritual ideas, and, as we had reason to believe that he was a Jew, I remember having often tried to insinuate to him that his doctrines were contrary to the law of Moses and to the maxims of the Prophets, who, to my thinking, did not believe in the immortality of the soul. The mathematical sciences seemed to us to have no secrets for him; he read English a great deal, and he often replied to our objections by citations from the classic authors without committing himself. He did not greatly like to have us study other philosophies than his own, and I still recall his confusion, on a certain inspection day, in hearing me discuss with one of his former professors the theory of the 'sub-conscious,' of which he had not breathed to us a word. He was very complaisant with us—he even loaned me the proofs of a work of James Sully which he was then translating. I have consequently the pleasantest memory of my relations with him, and you see that he had, after all, more intellectual breadth than we then fancied, since he awarded me the Prix d'Honneur in philosophy, in spite of my philosophical opinions, often subversive in his sight and not susceptible of proof, while he judged his own as always so far justified that they had no need of proof."

While at Angers, M. Bergson (like Jean-Henri Fabre at Avignon under the Second Empire) co-operated with a number of other professors in giving secondary instruction to girls in the Rue Courte, in an old hall "with decrepit sweating walls, worm-eaten benches, tottering tables, scantly heated by a rusty stove which an economical *concierge* stoked reluctantly." He taught there psychology, ethics, and literature. "M. Bergson," observes Mademoiselle Mathilde Alanic, a member of the literature class, who is now a novelist of considerable merit and renown,[1] "possessed a dignity, a reserve, an extreme correctness of manner and of dress, which did not prevent him from being extremely simple and disclosing glimpses of a delicate sensibility. He was all mind, completely absorbed with the inner travail of thinking; an attitude which did not exclude a frank and fine juvenile gayety, easily kindled, when we studied the masters of French whose subtile genius he comprehends marvelously: Rabelais, Montaigne, Molière, La Fontaine. I should add that M. Bergson did not disdain Labiche and was infatuated with Dickens, with the cult of whom he inspired me.

"It is a rare and inestimable privilege to have made the acquaintance of the masterpieces of literature under the direction of such an initiator! Wasting no time over the pettinesses and puerilities of the grammarians and the rhetoricians, M. Bergson, penetrating critic and historian, followed each author in his life, and then, seeking the life in the works, showed us with striking clearness and authority all the essentially human and eternally true and beautiful things they contained. With grace and with power, by turns, he threw into relief before our ignorant eyes the fine *bonhomie* of La Fontaine or the virile nobility of Alceste. For two years I was privileged to enjoy this masterful instruction, and I have preserved an imperfect résumé of the lessons in several note-books which my professor riddled with his annotations and which I conserve among my most precious archives. These yellowed documents condense in their leaves the impressions and the moral acquisitions of my adolescence which contributed most liberally to the molding, so to speak, of my mentality. The impulse I received from such a master has directed

[1] I quote in part from an article in a local paper and in part from personal letters.

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my intellectual life. I have never written a page without applying to the best of my ability the discipline thus acquired, without seeming to see on the margins, traced in a fine and clear hand, the observations I formerly apprehended finding on the white blank spaces of my themes: *Inexact, vague, specify, abridge, develop—Beware of hors-d'œuvre!* These numerous corrections, which used to render me so unhappy, I now re-read with gratitude, for they witness the interest my professor deigned to manifest in my efforts. They often take on a humorous turn and mischievously quiz my juvenile enthusiasms and my sincere but sometimes erroneous appreciations. In recounting the troubled existence of Molière, I stigmatized the *sad* character of his wife; this epithet is underlined with the brief and savory comment: 'Too gay, on the contrary.' In another place, I esteemed it *very fortunate* that La Fontaine did not become an ecclesiastic, as for a moment he intended, and I find on the margin this amused exclamation: 'Very fortunate? Who knows!' Farther on, as I showed signs of espousing the side of Rousseau in his assault upon instruction 'which robs us,' he affirms, 'of all frankness and all sincerity,' my ardor is promptly cooled by this categorical declaration: 'Anything is better than being a boor.'"

After two years at Angers, Bergson went to Clermont-Ferrand, the native city of Pascal, to teach in the lycée that bears the name of the illustrious mathematician-philosopher. He remained there five years. Whether at Clermont, as at Angers, he taught the official philosophy laid down in the programmes, I cannot say; but it is certain that during this sojourn in Auvergne the "inner travail of thinking" of which Mlle. Alanic speaks went on at a terrific rate, for he delivered at the University of Clermont lectures that were far from bearing the official stamp, and he prepared most of his first great work, "Les Données Immédiates de la Conscience," although the book was not actually published until 1889, when he was teaching in Paris at the Collège Rollin, located in the quarter in which he was reared. His stay at the Collège Rollin was a brief one—only a year—but at the Lycée Henri IV (alma mater of Augier, de Musset, Viollet-le-Duc, and Sainte-Beuve), to which he was next assigned, he remained eight years, during which he composed and gave to the world his second great work, "Matière et Mémoire." In 1901, in an address to the Société Française de Philosophie, Bergson recounted its genesis in a manner which clearly reveals his boldness, his patience, his endurance, and his open-mindedness:

"I propounded to myself, some dozen years ago," he said, "the following question: What do the physiology and the pathology of to-day teach regarding the venerable problem of the relations between the physical and the ethical to a mind devoid of *parti pris*, resolved to forget all the speculations upon this point in which it has hitherto indulged, resolved also to neglect in the affirmations of the savants everything except the pure and simple statements of facts?

"And so I set to work. I very quickly perceived that the problem was susceptible of a provisional solution, and even of a precise formula, only if it were restricted to the problem of memory. In memory itself I was obliged to circumscribe my field of investigation more and more. After having taken my stand upon the memory of words, I saw that the problem thus formulated was still too large, and that it is the memory of the sound of words that poses the question in the most precise and interesting form. The literature of aphasia is enormous. I devoted five years to ransacking it. And I arrived at the conclusion that between the psychological fact and its cerebral substratum there is a relation to which no one of the ready-made concepts which philosophy places at our disposition corresponds."

At the École Normale, where he lectured during the three years immediately preceding his call to the Chair of Philosophy of the Collège de France, M. Bergson had Péguy as an auditor. In one of his justly famous *cahiers* Péguy lauds the master's rare gift for exposition as follows: "We had read M. Henri Bergson's two books. Happy that he had at last been named lecturer at the school, happy to be granted at last the personal impression that nothing can replace, we hung upon his every word. From first to last he spoke perfectly, surely, unweariedly, with unfaltering and minute exactness, with a suggestion of weakness incessantly belied, with the new, profound, and audacious tenuity that is peculiar to him, without negligence and yet without the slightest affectation, composing and proposing but never flaunting an idea, not even though it be a fundamental one, not even though it be profoundly revolutionary."

At the Collège de France, to which he has

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been attached since 1900, Bergson is favored with an audience such as has been vouchsafed to no other French scholar of this generation. For his five o'clock lecture his auditors begin to take seats as early as half-past three, and it is not long before they overflow into the aisles and even into the corridors. Here are lycée and university professors; bald-headed, gray-haired savants; intellectual "bums" (bent primarily on warmth and shelter); mannish, forbidding bluestockings (regarded as types of the new woman when the new woman was really a novelty); pensive, tenderly reared maiden ladies and melancholy widows of good but impecunious family pining for the intellectual atmosphere of their dreams, or mourning an intellectual atmosphere of which the Great Reaper has bereaved them (exemplars of the outgone or outgoing fashions); dowdily dressed, mystic-eyed Russian girl students (the most genuine female intellectuals in the world); members of the English and American colonies (hopeless victims of the lecture habit or intrepid searchers for "the purest French")—all the habitués, in short, of the courses of the venerable institution founded by Francis the First. But here also are less familiar figures: representatives of the yellow and dusky races, militant social revolutionists, an astonishing number of cassocked priests, a goodly sprinkling of Germans—oh, the sweet, the satisfying, the dignified *revanche!*—and, above all, frivolous, vaporing, ravishingly attired Parisiennes, who have had it mysteriously borne in upon them that hearing a Bergson lecture is as indispensable to their prestige as attendance at the first nights of the opera or at the receptions of the Académie Française, and who send their footmen ahead to secure seats and encumber with their automobiles or other pretentious equipages the ordinarily deserted Rue Saint-Jacques and Rue des Écoles.

There is no better place in Paris to observe "the passing show." During the long wait, many trim little comedies are enacted. "In one corner, leaning against a column," writes a regular auditor who is blessed with eyes to see, "a young girl of barely sixteen struggles heroically but vainly to appear grave; her eyes, her mouth, her whole visage, smiles. Higher up, a very handsome woman, who arrived after all the seats were taken, resolves to sit down at any cost. She sinks onto a bench between two students whom she implores to make ever so tiny a place for her. Barely installed, she wriggles, fidgets, writhes, stretches, hitches, sprawls, makes herself at home, and gains ground; at the end of five minutes her right-hand neighbor, a spectacled, intellectual type, can stand it no longer. He rises, suffocating with indignation, and retires. Science has been put to flight. But the master enters. Plaudits greet him. He mounts to his desk and immediately begins his course. He speaks without notes. His utterance is clear, precise, a trifle thin; no attempt at oratory; no straining for effect, no preoccupation with his public; just luminous, shaded, and subtle exposition of the doctrine."

Throughout the lecture the motley listeners are as breathlessly solemn as the traditional Boston Browningites in conclave. At its close they vent their pent-up feelings in rapturous applause.

M. Bergson's head has not been turned by the furor his teachings have aroused. As lecturer of the Collège de France he has not cast aside the sanity, the sanctity—I use the word advisedly—the sincerity, and the simplicity that characterized him as a humble provincial professor. Not insensible to his world-fame, he is not dazzled by it. He does his utmost to pursue, in spite of it, the even tenor of his way, but he cannot escape the thousand and one petty obligations it brings in its train, and he is unspeakably weary of wasting in futilities and irrelevancies the precious hours indispensable to the completion of his great work. The last time I was privileged to talk with him he presented the appearance of a man harassed by tuft-hunting importunity, who is draining the bitterness of celebrity to the uttermost dregs, of a man overburdened, not to say overwhelmed, with occupations and preoccupations of a more or less unessential sort. He is one of the wiry, trained-down brain-workers who can out-toil and outlast men of double their weight and size; but there is a limit to even his capacity for endurance. And since he is unwilling to interpose a typewriter—let alone a secretary—between his thought and its expression, in minor as well as in major matters, the time will soon come when he must call a halt. He admitted his dilemma to me frankly. "I have been thinking seriously of late," he said, "of resigning my professorship and of retiring to the country for good and all. But this would look like ingratitude, and I do not want to appear ungrateful. And so I hesitate, hoping almost against hope for some other form of relief."

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JAPAN TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

THE FIRST OF MR. MABIE'S ARTICLES FROM JAPAN

MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH, who has rediscovered Venice for many Americans, has said with great emphasis that the City of the Doges should be entered for the first time in the early morning or the late afternoon, and he has gone so far as to urge travelers who find themselves about to arrive in full light of day to leave the train and wait at some outlying station for the hour which not only poetizes but reveals the Venice of the great painters. For neither cities nor men are really seen when they are seen at their worst; and the atmosphere which modulates tones and softens lines is as much a part of the picture as the structure of the landscape. There is vital truth as well as shrewd observation in the maxim, "The cynic knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." In the appraisement of character, whether personal or national, we search for values, not for prices. As a matter of fact, the greatest services to civilization have incalculable values, but bear no price-mark. Nobody ever thought of paying Lincoln for his sublime patience, or Phillips Brooks for his equally sublime faith. Nor has any attempt ever been made to put a price on the service which Holland rendered in the War for the Liberation of Humanity.

It is easy to make a large collection of American price-marks, to add them together and to set down the result as the value of American civilization. Our critics have brought together an appalling mass of statistics about divorce, homicide, lynchings, railway accidents, defalcations, and blatant vulgarities of many kinds, and published the sum total as a definition of America and the Americans. And in many cases these statements have been records of fact. The trouble has been that, while they have been true, they have not been the truth. These critics have arranged the price-marks very skillfully, but the value has wholly escaped them. The ability to understand a people is not so much a matter of temperament as of spirit and character, plus broad intelligence. Among foreign observers who have commented on the Americans, Mr. Bryce holds an enviable primacy, not because he has been blind to the serious defects of American society, but because he has the faculty of vision as well as of observation and has seen things in the large as well as in detail. In his conclusions facts close at hand have not obscured more significant facts at longer range. And Mr. Brownell's "French Traits" has the same illuminating quality; any tourist can see Paris, but the foreigners who see France are few and far between.

There is a maxim which one who attempts to interpret the mind of a foreign people, or to report conditions in a foreign country, should make the law of observation: "Neither to laugh nor to cry, but to understand." When unscientific human nature stands for the first time in the presence of new conditions, of strange peoples, of novel truth, its impulse is to deride or ridicule, or to fall into a panic and shout "Dangerous!" In our own time, when the fundamental law of growth, which men of prophetic mind have dimly discerned for generations, was clearly defined a generation ago, it met with anathemas from one group of earnest people and with derisive shouts from another; and the generation which heard the cries of alarm and chorus of laughter which greeted the appearance of "The Origin of Species" lived to hear a leader of the spiritual life declare that the explanation of the social and economic conditions of the world as the results of a process of evolution came just in time to save many of the most thoughtful men and women from despair.

The music of Wagner, the plays of Ibsen, the idea that human conditions are a vital part of any intelligible and workable theory of economics, have passed through the same experience. Derided and denounced at the start, they have become part of the accepted order of things, neither fulfilling all the prophecies of ultimate evil made by their opponents nor all the predictions of ultimate good made by their sponsors.

The foreigner in the country village is an object of suspicion if not of insult. In parts of Japan remote from cities he is a center of popular interest, and, like a celebrity on the golf course, speedily finds himself

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followed by a "gallery" eager to examine his dress and curious to know what he is doing. It must be added that while this "gallery" is very curious, it is friendly, and never intentionally offensive. A bow and a smile go a long way in Japan. In America a Chinaman appearing in his native dress in the streets of a remote village is likely to find the boys more sportive than polite; and a month ago a little Japanese lady, whose modesty and evident refinement ought to have protected her in any civilized country, was a target for rotten fruit at the hands of young hoodlums in a street in San Francisco.

Emerson, to whom fear was unknown, and derision an attitude of mind as extinct as chain armor, defined a friend as one who makes us do what we can. The idea of friendship as a kind of amiable blindness is as misleading as the idea that love wears a bandage over its eyes. The great service of friendship, as of love, is through clear-sightedness to help us bring out the best that is in us. One would far better find his own way than follow a blind guide. The friend who always reflects our moods and confirms our judgment of ourselves is more dangerous than an enemy; for the truth is a tonic even when it is flung at us as a missile, and commendation which we do not deserve fastens attention on the weakness which it attempts to conceal. Americans have suffered little from flatterers and have had slight experience of being pleasantly discussed by their neighbors; but the discipline of misrepresentation and criticism has probably tempered what once promised to be a very monotonous habit of self-appreciation. Unfair criticism is irritating, but it is more wholesome than flattery.

If the student of a nation is neither to laugh nor to cry, but to understand, he must approach a foreign country as a friend; for sympathy is the only key that unlocks the door to character, to truth, to art, or to life. The popular opinion, derived from the practice of small or malicious minds, that criticism is a kind of organized fault-finding, is as far from the truth as were some old-time fathers who believed that corporal punishment was the only form of parental discipline. A very small mind can see a blemish on the character of a great man, but only greatness can recognize greatness; and Goethe's correction of the cynical maxim that no man is great to his valet is a side-light on the qualifications of the true critic. The test of friendship is willingness to inflict pain when pain is a step towards health; and truth is the only sure foundation on which friendship can rest. If truth-telling becomes a kind of recreation, as it did in the case of Matthew Arnold, it may lose a little of its force of appeal, but it remains an incentive, and in the long run its service survives the momentary pain it inflicts. The friend of a nation is neither a flatterer nor a mere recorder of pleasant impressions; he is one who tries in all sincerity and sympathy to discover the truth and to tell it in simple loyalty to the best of which a people is capable.

Japan is probably to-day the most misunderstood country in the world. Its achievements are matters of history; but its spirit, its aims, and its character have been as variously interpreted as if it had never expressed itself in religion, in art, or in action. Its most dogmatic interpreters are those who have never seen it. They seem to have divined its secret purposes and uncovered its most subtle plots. In their overwrought imaginations it is a group of islands in whose harbors vast fleets are being secretly constructed, with almost superhuman rapidity and skill, for the conquest of distant continents. The fact that it has fought only twice with foreign nations in nearly three centuries, while the lists of wars in the West during the same period fill pages of history, and that both these wars were fought to preserve what it believed to be its national integrity; that it is heavily burdened with debt and staggering under the weight of a taxation which its splendid patriotism alone makes bearable; that the one policy on which the people as a whole insist with increasing vehemence is the reduction of the expenses of government; that it lies exposed to attack from a power which fights without money, and waits and watches with Asiatic patience while it advances like a glacier; that the Japanese people are eager for the opportunity of commercial development and are persuaded that peace is vitally related to that development; that they are facing problems more difficult than those which confront any other people—these facts have no weight with those valiant journalists and politicians who cry aloud and spare not, and whose prophecies of approaching war fill the Japanese with amazed incredulity.

From this group the Japanese learn that they are a warlike nation, swiftly and secretly arming to subdue the peaceful and sluggish

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Americans. From another group they learn that they are a race of poets and artists, to whom war is hateful and business an interruption of the peaceful contemplation of beauty; that they live in a country in which the cherry trees are always in bloom, and the men of affairs are always writing poems to spring; that the strife for excellence in the composition of *tanka* is the only kind of competition known in the country; that the lotus blooms perennially in their happy land and that life is a happy dream of ease and devotion to the service of art.

This also fills the Japanese with amazement; for while they love the cherry tree, they know that its bloom is as fleeting as a breath from fairyland; and that while their hands have lost none of their ancient cunning, and fashion delicate and exquisite works of art with the skill born of generations of training, and that the instinct for form and color is part of the heritage of the humblest worker, the nation toils unceasingly with meager natural resources but with indomitable patience; and that while the loveliness of Miyanoshita, Nikko, Nara, and a hundred other landscapes remains inviolate, black smoke pours from lofty chimneys over many ancient cities; that education tends even too strongly toward technical expertness; and that the determination to master the methods of applied science and meet the competition of the West in practical achievement without fear or favor has become almost too strong among their young men.

Japan has passed through several stages of what may be called world-opinion. When it first emerged from its seclusion of more than two centuries, its life, in its outward aspects, had a patriarchal simplicity and an idyllic charm; and the poetry of its ancient feudal system and of its old faiths and popular festivals captivated the imagination of the West, and a kind of Pierre Loti atmosphere enfolded it as the home of poets and artists and lovers. And the West lost its heart to Japan, and idealized it with the ease and freedom made possible by great distance and very superficial knowledge.

Then came the war with Russia, and the revelation of Japanese patriotism and of a military genius and efficiency which astonished the world. And straightway Japan became the mother of heroes and the home of fighters to whom war was not only a matter of inward loyalty and an opportunity of sublime courage, but a science, the most unimportant detail of which had been mastered in advance; and a great wave of admiration for a heroic and splendidly trained nation passed over the world. When the smoke drifted away from the battlefields of Manchuria, Japan was revealed as a Power of the first class, with a navy and an army of extraordinary efficiency; and the West realized that a new force had appeared in the Far East and that incalculable changes were coming, which would modify conditions which Europe had comfortably taken for granted were permanent. The artists and poets had become expert fighters.

Realizing, as did the Germans after their triumphs of a generation ago, that a powerful nation must have great resources, the Japanese turned to commerce and manufactures and became formidable competitors, and the working class began to emigrate to countries where higher wages were paid. Soon there was a rift in the lute. The Japanese began to hear less of their achievements and more about their faults. The venerable Chinese cashier story began its travels in America, and was innocently accepted, by people who did not understand the Chinaman's expertness in dealing with the perplexing currencies and complicated exchange of the Far East, as a witness to the prevalence of dishonesty in Japan; the politeness of the Japanese, of which much had been said, became an evidence of insincerity. Will some one explain why the peoples who have not the time or the inclination to be polite agree that the polite nations are insincere? France will sympathize with Japan in this experience.

Through these changes of opinion with regard to their character it may be suspected that, while the Japanese have changed many of their habits, occupations, tools, and methods of education, they are the same people whom the West idealized a generation ago; and that if they had qualities worthy of admiration then, they have qualities worthy of admiration now. They have become practical, but they still love the cherry tree and write poems to it; they are developing great business activity, but they continue to paint with almost unrivaled delicacy and precision; they support a strong army and navy, but both are kept in high efficiency for defensive purposes. In a word, they are like other nations: they have great qualities and they have the defects of their qualities. They are entitled to fair, intelligent, and discriminating interpretation.

Miyanoshita, Japan.

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ENVIRONMENT IN AMERICAN SHOP LIFE

BY C. E. CLEWELL

TO spend the major portion of a life in the average shop as a toiler laboring for food and shelter, on the one hand, and as an agency for the output of the nation's manufactured product, on the other; to live day by day amid the whirl and ceaseless throb of moving machinery, and surrounded by the constant motion of men and materials, is to become the recipient of impressions which wield far-reaching influences on this multitude of individuals.

Drummond has aptly pointed out that even the popular mind is struck with the adaptation of nearly all animals to their habitat, for example, in the matter of color, as with the sandy hue of the sole and flounder, and the white of the polar bear with its suggestion of arctic snows. He has also given expression to a truth of import in his pages on "Environment" when he says: "To seize continuously the opportunity of more and more perfect adjustment to better and higher conditions, to balance some inward evil with some purer influence acting from without, in a word, to make our environment at the same time that it is making us—these are the secrets of a well-ordered and successful life."

The quarter-century just passed has witnessed wonderful advances in improvements of machinery and working methods by which the efficiency of the manufactories has profited. During the latter part of this same quarter-century attention has gradually been directed in an increasing manner to another factor in the gross efficiency of our working forces: *the man at the machine.* It is with his welfare that we are here chiefly concerned. That the environment which surrounds him while at work is determined largely by others; that this shop environment molds his thought and the quality of his daily work perhaps more than one can well estimate; and that, if he is to share, at least in part, the well-ordered and successful life just mentioned, the employer who governs and is responsible for the surroundings of his working forces must look to the care of the details which affect so large a number of individuals—are all items apparent to even the most casual observer of shop conditions.

Among these most fundamental items which form the environment of shop life are good light, an abundance of pure, fresh air of suitable temperature, cheerful surroundings, and facilities for performing the work in a manner which is comfortable, commensurate with efficiency and safety. The shop which excels in these so-called fundamentals affords to the workman an environment at once helpful to the man himself, as well as to the employer in its indirect, beneficial reaction on his plant as a whole.

The shops throughout the country can hardly be looked upon as institutions for philanthropic exploitation *per se.* In fact, it is hardly to be expected that the major portion of shop owners and managers will in the near future view the problem of shop environment purely in the light of a kindness to humanity; and in this connection there are assuredly two view-points: the one is shared by those who are in a manner disinterested and who view the matter from the humanitarian side of the case, and the other by those whose interests demand an accounting for every expense to stockholders as well as an interest in employees. Looked at in the light of the latter class, the question may well be asked whether the best in shop surroundings could ever be realized were humane considerations the sole incentive.

Probably the most optimistic strain in the whole outlook lies in the fact that during the past few years shop owners and managers have been confronted with the effect of favorable surroundings for their workmen on increased output, greater contentedness of employees, more accurate work, and general advantages to the entire economy of the plant. This fact does not in any way mitigate the evil of an unfortunate lack of interest by so many in factory conditions, but is here set forth merely to show the trend of thought, and one of the probable reasons why betterment in such conditions may increase in the near future.

One can scarcely conceive of a more simple proposition than that the workman in our industrial plants to be of greatest service requires sufficient light to permit of the work being seen at all parts of the day; an adequate supply of fresh air; that he should be in an atmosphere the temperature of which insures comfort; and that his surroundings

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should be such as to promote a cheerful disposition and a hopeful attitude towards his work; that he should have a dry floor to stand upon, a wholesome lunching-place, and a freedom from accident hazard. Such, in brief, is the proposition of successful shop environment.

From the negative view-point one can well question the possibility of excellence in workmanship and the mental tendencies awakened in the minds of workmen where the shop is in practical darkness most of the day, its air vitiated by a lack of circulation, cold and damp during winter months and stifling with heat in summer, while there is constant danger from unprotected moving machinery and dark passages and stairways. The latter picture is unfortunately true of many shops at the present time, but the contemplation of this deplorable state will be left with a passing reference in favor of a brief review of more hopeful indications.

Commendation is assuredly due, in no uncertain terms, to those who seek through legislation and public opinion the improvement of such inhuman conditions as just mentioned. Such betterment is obviously sought through the compelling influences of law. Fortunately enough, however, reason can play an important rôle in the step towards a higher standard in shop life. One should not overlook the fact in all this complication of conditions that good light, for example, whether artificial or even natural, involves an outlay in electrical lighting appliances or in large shop windows as the case may be, each being the means to the end. Ventilation and temperature regulation require definite outlays in the shop equipment, while cheerful surroundings call for the labor of men who, in maintaining such surroundings, contribute nothing directly to the output of the plant. Looked at as items of expense, these features of equipment seem on the face of the question entirely irrelevant to the earnings of the shop. Is there, then, no appeal to the shop-owner other than the necessity of an outlay of so much capital for this equipment, with no compensating return?

In the larger shops opportunities have been taken during the past year or so for a study of the reactionary effects of improved environment on the working output. These investigations have revealed the fact, which, although in a way simple and obvious, is most important, that workmen formerly compelled to work in practical darkness for portions of the day, as on dark winter mornings or in the late afternoon and on cloudy days, have with no apparent effort been able to do more work with improved lighting facilities, to an amount capable of far more than paying for the increased expenditure involved in the provision of adequate artificial light. An actual instance will serve to illustrate the point: The foreman in a certain shop complained bitterly to his superiors that from one to two hours were lost on every dark day and on most winter days, due to wretched lighting conditions. The best lighting facilities available were provided in this shop at a total annual cost equal to the wages of the workmen for about six minutes each day. Here the shop-owner gained not only all the advantage of an improved environment in its distinctly helpful influence on his men, but also a material return on the investment by an increased product of better workmanship. No argument probably has ever equaled this simple statement in gaining the interest of shop managers towards improvements in artificial lighting facilities. It is, for obvious reasons, difficult to evaluate all the items of shop surroundings in so clear a manner to a monetary basis, but the fact is as true for pure air and suitable temperature regulation as it is for better light.

This hopeful strain in the industrial outlook is set forth at some length in order to place emphasis on and provoke attention to what otherwise might seem to warrant neglect through the semblance of an excuse; that is to say, the neglect of so vital an influence in the lives of thousands of workingmen on account of seemingly needless expense. It may be observed by one or another that it is unfortunate to resort to material argument based on money values when health and even life itself are at stake. The altruistic view-point is not, however, discounted in the least by the advancing of such arguments, but, on the other hand, is lauded in the same breath, for if, in addition to the efforts of public opinion and legislation, there can be added an additional incentive in the line of material compensation to shop-owners for such expenditures, it is but natural to expect radical and far-reaching improvements in the near future in the raising of the standards of shop environment, with consequent beneficial effects on the working class, likewise in advanced standards of living, and a generally more healthy condition throughout that vast force of individuals who labor in our industrial centers.

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THE STORY OF AN EIGHTEEN-DOLLAR CLERK

BY JOHN E. POVEY

CERTAINLY, you know me. You've met me often. I'm the fellow you see in multiplicate every morning dashing for the 8:07 inbound, the shiny rear of my bifurcated garments flashing in the sunlight and heliographing to him who walks or motors that I occupy a stool or a swivel chair in some office or other—just a common, mediocre, treadmill clerk, faithful as Old Dog Tray, serving my master according to the Biblical injunction, endeavoring out of office hours to bring up a small family in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and with a due respect to the traditions of our nonpareil country, all for conscience' sake and for and in consideration of the sum of eighteen dollars a week and the benefits and blessings the temporary ownership of the said eighteen dollars brings to me and mine.

But I'm beginning to get riled. Year after year I've heard of the "full dinner-pail," "honest workingman," "toil-worn farmer," and "faithful public servants." All this time I have voted for the alleviation of the dire distress of this person, and that person, and the other person. Once I voted for the protection of "infant industries," because I like to see things flourish, even if I don't own 'em. I had hopes that my kindness would be gratefully remembered, but those hopes are now buried deeply in the graveyard of my memory, and on the double cross—the only thing the trusts ever gave me—is plainly inscribed by the iron that entered my soul, "*Deeply Regretted.*"

For over a decade I have seen my protégés flourish. The "full dinner-pail" must be an accomplished fact, for somebody is eating the steak I used to be able to afford and which is missing from my refrigerator. "The honest workingman" must be building himself a home and buying land, for buildings keep going up and land titles are passing, though I'm on the outside. The "faithful public servants" keep me dodging their automobiles, on which they spend more for gasoline than would keep me well nourished. Conservative, high-minded citizens who carry more stomachic upholstery than seems necessary, testily assure me that I am more prosperous than I ever was and that there is no predatory plutocracy in the land; yet a brigadier-general of industry recently admitted that he hadn't had time to count his automobiles, and it appears that within a short time one of the infant industries I had voted to protect paid its stockholders a great many millions additional after being spanked for pilfering its Uncle's pockets, and so on. Each of those infant industries is now a Brobdingnagian of full stature, exacting tribute from me more barefacedly than infant terrible ever extorted from sister's beau. How do I stand? Well, my bank account has shown a balance of five dollars for over twelve months, and my outstanding indebtedness is something less than a hundred. My chief assets are mostly liabilities, being a stunning little wife who is rather frail and a boy and a girl in grammar school. Smart! Those kids are— Well, never mind, don't turn away yet. I know you're a bit partial to your own.

But, let me repeat, I'm getting riled. It was nice to be able to vote for the benefit of somebody else, and altruism is nice to read about; but when I see the strands of hair disappearing from where the bumps of benevolence and submissiveness are supposed to be, it makes me think of senile debility and the prospects of a doddering old age on the poor farm. Already the office manager is sizing me up pretty sharply. Lots of single men would take my job for less. The inspirational magazine articles say a man should save a part of his income. I don't do it. Yet I don't drink, smoke, chew, neither am I considered "a jolly good fellow," except by my wife and children, and the wife doesn't often go to church because her clothes are seedy, but she won't admit it. She could create a sensation, too, if she were togged up. Then, what do I do with my money? Well, I'll try to give you an idea. Here is my annual budget:

I live as far from my work as I can go for a nickel, so as to keep the youngsters from the city streets. For four rooms and bath I pay rent of $168 a year, or $14 a month. Of course there are no hardwood floors, open fireplaces, furnace, set tubs,

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speaking-tubes, or electric bells, neither is there a lot of land for a garden or a hen run. However, I'm pretty lucky to get a place at that price, the average being about $5 a month for each room in our neighborhood. I have an endowment insurance for $1,000 which will mature early enough to keep the boy in high school till he graduates, I hope, and perhaps give him a start to work his way through college, though the latter seems unlikely; and the wife has set her mind on a piano for the girl. This endowment costs me $68 a year. Burial and fraternal insurance for $250 costs me $17, this including $100 burial fund for wife and children. Car-fare costs me $30; clothes for the family, $95 a year; medical attendance and supplies, $30; light, $12.50; fuel, $32. The Chinese laundryman who does up my collars gets fourteen cents a week, or over $7 a year. The wife washes everything else. When she is unable, I can handle washboard and wringer with a fair degree of skill. Lunch uptown costs fifteen cents daily, or $45 a year.

We have friends and relatives, and the cost of entertaining them and visiting them is about fifty cents a week, or $25 a year. We could get along on less if we had the social aspirations of clams. For newspapers we spend about twenty-one cents a week, or $11 a year. Sometimes I can save the pennies by grabbing a discarded newspaper before somebody else, but not often. The wife says that in order to be well informed and to pay a decent respect to the opinions of mankind—our neighbors—we must take magazines, so we pay about $6.50 a year for those. The library is two miles away, so the missus is probably justified in the expenditure, especially as she is a poor walker and the car-fare would be quite an item. For religious purposes and charity we spend something like $15, though our minister, an old-fashioned Methodist, maintains that the Christian standard requires a tithe of one's salary, which in my case would be $1.80 a week or $93.60 a year. We brazenly cheat the church of over $75 a year, you see, and we sneak guiltily into the back pews when we attend, eschew all socials and Ladies' Aid bazars, and are in consequence looked upon as "pikers" by the saints. Now to confess a habit. I eat candy. Half a pound a week, at a cost of twenty cents, divided among four of us, costs $10 a year. I don't go to baseball games. Can't take the time off, and couldn't afford it, anyway.

That makes $572, so far, doesn't it, leaving a balance of $364. That leaves $1 a day for meals excepting my noon lunch during the week. That is a trifle less than nine cents a meal for each person, for seventy-eight meals per week must be provided.

You will easily understand that a great number of incidentals are not included in my estimates. For instance, inconsiderate friends persist in marrying, while others, equally inconsiderate, need burying. A wreath costs enough to feed the family for a week, and a wedding present means doughnut lunches for a month in a slum restaurant where I get the doughnuts and coffee for a nickel. It's tough on the stomach—and mine is a fickle jade—and the world seems but a vale of tears by the time I get home at night. Hamlet's soliloquy obtrudes itself in my mind, and Job's sorrows fade into insignificance until my pancreatin-pepsin tablets have had time to work.

Our nine cents a meal (bear in mind, this is more than we actually spend for food) doesn't permit a very elaborate *menu*. For breakfast I generally have tea, toast, and an egg (singular number, past tense, Western case, part of the verb "has been"). Fresh eggs are at present quoted by the next-door neighbor at fifty cents a dozen, so he sells the product of his hennery and he and I buy the thirty-two-cent kind.

For bottom-round steak—the *pièce de resistance* of our six-o'clock dinner—we pay from twenty-two to twenty-five cents a pound. In the privacy of our own home we can eat it, but the process is undignified. Father used to buy it for fifteen cents, and it was good; but gymnastics must be compulsory on the modern ranch, for the meat we get would make highly desirable shoes for automobile tires. Inventors, please take notice.

Good butter costs from thirty-six to forty-six cents a pound. I pay thirty-two for what used to cost twenty-four. I have seen a peddler beg mother to buy nice potatoes at forty cents a bushel. During the recent scarcity I paid sixty cents a *peck*. Milk costs me nine cents a quart. My parents paid five cents for it, delivered. Pork chops cost just double former prices; and this statement applies also to citizens of the vegetable kingdom other than potatoes. Clothing costs about the same, but it isn't as warm; and my tailor-made (?) suits at fifteen dollars help me to realize that my circulation isn't what it used to be. My shoes cost more, but they look

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better and fit better than they used to do. The children's shoes are quite an item of expense, being more elaborate and less wear-resisting than the armor-plated affairs my father bought me.

I have already remarked that I'm getting riled. Let me reiterate it. What is the cause of the perturbation? The price of food, for one thing. Here are other things that worry me. The rent of the home of my youth, a four-room flat, was seven dollars a month, just half of my present rent, though we had no bath. We did have a garden, though. The doctor used to charge us a dollar a visit, now he charges two dollars. He has made race suicide popular, aided and abetted by the high cost of living, by charging thirty dollars for an *accouchement* instead of ten dollars as formerly, and the permanent visitor he brings is looked upon as a calamity. Coal is from two to three dollars a ton more than it used to cost. I haven't begun to buy it in bags yet, though my neighbors do, and it costs them fourteen dollars a ton. I have been obliged to buy small bags of flour, but the difference is not so great. By letting my clothing wear until threadbare I have managed to buy it for cash, though not long ago I was reduced to one suit. That had to be pressed every Saturday night after the family had retired, in order that it might look well on Sunday.

Do you wonder at my irritation? It seems to me that a hard day of conscientious effort in performing very necessary work entitles me and mine to a decent living, and at least a chance to prepare for the days when my fingers will be too stiff to operate a typewriter and my vision too poor to permit me to keep books. Is that unreasonable? I don't envy the rich, and I like to see men get rich honestly and the country prosper, but not at my expense and to my detriment. One party tariff-revised me out of a job a number of years ago. True, another party tariff-revised me into it again, but they let it go at that. Fellow-countrymen, give me your ears. I've got to have some attention now. Prosperity is here and business is booming. Where's my reasonable share? My table is poorer, my bank account is thinner and so am I, and I've economized so far that I had to drown the cat to cut down expenses. What is to be done about me?

HOW CAN THESE THINGS BE?

BY HUGH RUSSELL FRASER

WE read in the Bible that God is infinitely wise, infinitely loving, infinitely powerful. Then we go out to actual life, and we come in contact with incidents that at least puzzle us, and oftentimes cloud our faith. A child is born a hopeless cripple, and drags out a helpless life to the end of its days. A mechanic, a good man and the only support of his family, slips, falls from the roof, and is a bedridden man till death releases him twenty years later. A ship sinks at sea, and sixteen hundred lives are lost in a tragic struggle with the pitiless elements. We are distressed. We ask how can these things be consistent with the wisdom and love of an omnipotent God. Let us attempt the answer.

This world is a world of law. It can be stated thus: Given certain causes and conditions, certain results will *always* follow; or, Given the same causes and the same conditions, the same results will always follow. Fire always generates heat, never cold. Water always seeks the lower levels, never the higher. Gravity always pulls toward the center of the earth, never in the opposite direction. These are commonplace illustrations of a tremendous fact which we call the uniformity of nature and the invariability of natural law. This is a fact beyond any question in our day, and, let me now add, a blessing from God inconceivably great. If fire were not what it is, and its action always the same under the same conditions; if water were not what it is, and its action always uniform, we would not only suffer, but die. If fire sometimes generated heat and sometimes cold, there would be no use putting a heating apparatus into our dwellings to minister to our comfort, and millions of people would literally freeze to death every winter month. If water sometimes sought the lower levels

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and sometimes the higher levels, the city's water system would be a cruel mockery, the ocean would come up to-morrow and drown us all. To state the truth here contained in generalized terms, if the uniformity of nature and the invariability of law ceased to-morrow, life would be an agony while it continued, and, in fact, would quickly be extinguished.

In the light of these truths, let us now look at one disaster, typical of all, such as clouds the faith of some, perhaps many, leading them to ask, How is it consistent with the wisdom and love of God? The Titanic, with 2,300 lives on board, collides with an iceberg off the banks of Newfoundland, and sinks in a few hours. Sixteen hundred lives are lost. Hundreds of homes are bereaved, and the earth itself is filled with sympathy and sorrow. Why does not a loving God interfere to prevent such appalling suffering and loss of life? Let us consider what such interference would mean. Our study will involve an ascertainment of at least some of the causes of the disaster.

Investigation reveals something like this: Ship-builders have not conquered the dangers of the deep, as the seagoing people believed they had. This is human ignorance. Risking precious human lives for money is sin. For the rest of it, the awful disaster occurred through the operation of the laws of nature; *e.g.*, the impact of a tremendous mass upon a smaller and more fragile body injures the latter in proportion to the force of the impact, and water extinguishes, always extinguishes, submerged human life.

With what, then, shall God interfere? Shall he interfere with the operation of the laws of nature? Shall he interfere to prevent the larger and stronger mass from producing its natural injury upon the smaller and weaker? Or shall he interfere to prevent the boat from sinking or water from drowning those cast into it? It will take only a little thought to realize that if he did so in one case he must needs do so in other cases in which suffering and death arise from water's normal action. He would then prevent its normal action in thousands and thousands of cases every day. This would destroy the uniformity of nature, and the result would be infinitely more suffering and death than the interference relieved.

Shall, then, God interfere to supernaturally enlighten ignorance? Shall he, *e.g.*, supernaturally enlighten the ignorance of the lookout, enabling him to see the iceberg in time to forestall the disaster? If he did so in this case, he must needs do so in all cases in which human suffering and death result from ignorance. This would mean the giving of supernatural light to millions of cases every day. Would this be wisdom or love? Most assuredly, no. It would, on the contrary, condemn the race to perpetual intellectual childhood. Reflect a moment—how has the race been intellectually developed? When we review the past, we find it something like this: God has given us an intelligible universe—intelligible *because it is a world of law*. He has given us minds capable of understanding and unraveling the laws of this intelligible universe. He has set *us* to work to discover its properties and its laws. We enter meanwhile into the profits and joys of success in this pursuit, or suffer the bitter consequences of failure. Man needs these stimuli; he does not struggle upward without them. And men *are* solving their problems. They are coming to understand, and by the very struggle are becoming a grander race. The result justifies the means.

Once more, Shall God interfere to prevent sin? Shall he interfere to prevent the sin of the ship-owners in risking two thousand human lives for love of gain by sending the ship through a dangerous zone at a high speed? If God interfered to prevent this sin, must he not interfere to prevent all sin? For there is no sin that does not entail suffering sooner or later. This would ignore and destroy the freedom of the human will and render all human goodness an impossibility. If God coerces us into goodness, then we become good machines, not good men. God is too wise, too loving, to do this.

I believe that I have now presented a reasonable answer to the question propounded in the first paragraph. If, however, the reader before he lays down this article asks one more question, viz., What, then, does God do to overcome man's sin? we can only, in the space allowed, suggest the direction in which the answer lies.

God leaves the freedom of man's will untouched. He presents to that will, at great cost to himself, the most powerful motives leading man to *choose* to be good. (Man can become good only by the exercise of his own free will.) By these motives, shining everywhere in earth, but most resplendently in the Incarnate Son, and by his spirit, he wooes the free man and—waits in love.

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THE SPECTATOR

FACIAL expression in buildings is sufficiently out of the common. So perhaps the Spectator was justified in halting open-mouthed when, in Cambridge, not far from the Harvard Yard, he found himself before a pretty little towered structure which fronted him with an odd grimace like a defeated Parliamentary bill in "Punch." Somewhat gifted by nature in the seeing of things—faces in clouds, in leafage, or in dying embers—the Spectator rubbed his eyes and looked again. Behold! a perfectly dignified, even an imposing, little brick building with heavy red-tiled roof, a trifle foreign-looking, singularly placed on a triangular oasis among tall dormitory buildings, but singular otherwise only in the excellence of its architectural details. The Spectator was turning away with an impatient "At it again!" when out of the tail of his eye he caught afresh that indescribable architectural *mou*. This time there could be no mistake. The thing wore a comical cast of countenance. Some artful juggling with the grouping of doors and windows in the low round tower that occupies the little end of the wedge-shaped site; some help from a fine wrought-iron bracket supporting a swinging lantern; and there, just hinted, yet sufficiently vivid, were the features of a slyly humorous face!

The Spectator looked around among the people, like him, waiting for cars (for this was while, during the building of the new subway, Harvard Square was temporarily situated on Mount Auburn Street). The building was manifestly a recent addition to the street. Yet none regarded it. Or, stay! None regarded it; but one youth, a Harvard freshman by his look, stood regarding the Spectator with a half-concealed grin as the Spectator gazed stupefied at the waggish little château. The Spectator appealed. "Will you tell me," he begged, "why that building is making faces?" The freshman grinned a yet more joyous grin. "Oh," he said, briefly, "that's 'Lampy'!"

To be sure! The "Lampoon." The Spectator remembered reading that it was to have a new home, and that the building was to be in some sort a joke. And there, forsooth, was the sacred Ibis perched on slender, stork-like legs on the top of the tower. The Spectator took a sudden resolution to see "Lampy's" home from the inside. The freshman's shocked assurance that the thing was not to be done, that only editors and former editors were permitted to penetrate beyond the singular parti-colored doors, did but serve to put an edge on the Spectator's curiosity. He departed to pull a wire or two which he fancied might have an opening effect upon those exclusive "Lampoon" doors. Result: before an hour was past he was back again, this time with a "Lampoon" editor as guide.

As the two passed in, the editor called attention to the heavy studded doors, colored, like a jester's legs, in purple and yellow, with a touch of crimson. "Observe the motley. 'Lampy's' colors with Harvard's," quoth he. But the Spectator was not attending. His delighted eyes ran over the mellow blues and browns of Dutch tiles which covered the walls of the vestibule from floor to ceiling. Dull-red tiling of sympathetic hue was under foot. Leaded windows hung with quaint figured cotton prints, heavy doors with precious mediæval wrought-iron hinges, and in the rooms beyond a glimpse of the oaken beams of an ancient timber ceiling, quaint wooden benches, presses, cabinets, all obviously genuine bits of Old Europe—the Spectator suddenly understood. He had heard that the interior of the Jester's house was as humorous as the outside, but he had not guessed how delicate was the joke. To link the thirty-years-old "traditions" of this American college screed into the glorious past of letters, to provide a group of college wags with a setting worthy an old Dutch printer of the time of Laurenz Coster himself, to surround them with genuine antiquities, these jubilant jokesmiths and rhymesters, to make their sanctum a little treasure-house that might well turn the Metropolitan Museum green with envy—this was indeed fine fooling!

Lest he be thought to make light of the "Lampoon" and its achievements, the Spectator hastens to qualify. For "Lampy" winks with only one eye. With the other he ex-

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presses a serious consciousness of having been the pioneer among American funny papers, the indubitable father of "Life." For did not Mr. J. A. Mitchell take his inspiration from the success of the Harvard "Lampoon," and also his first editor, Edward S. Martin, and one of his best cartoonists, Francis G. Atwood, from the board of "Lampy" editors? The Spectator is not forgetting the long line of more or less great names on the list of former editors and contributors. His memory refuses to turn up more than a dozen such names: among them Owen Wister, Barrett Wendell, Robert Grant, George Santayana, and William Roscoe Thayer.

It must not be supposed that the Spectator stood rooted all this while in the vestibule. His guide drew him on through the business office and the delightful Narthex to the Sanctum. That Narthex is a joke which may want elucidation. The dictionary says a narthex was that part of an early Christian or Oriental church farthest from the sanctuary, to which were relegated the catechumens, energumens (those possessed of evil spirits), penitents, and women! With what unholy glee has "Lampy" attached this name to the common room where sit such members of the outer world, contributors and the like, as belong not to the sacred board of editors!

The Sanctum itself—pardon the excursion—is a picture out of Old Friesland. Tiled walls, oaken cabinets, heavy-beamed ceilings, gay painted Dutch wall seats, hooded fireplace with stiff little lambrequin of chintz, rush-bottomed chairs, maps, brasses, sconces—all are either from the little Dutch town of Hindeloopen (the Hindeloopen of the seventeenth century) or else things of the period gathered elsewhere to make up the whole. Let into the walls above the cabinets runs a frieze of those appropriate treasures of the period—Delft and Chinese porcelains. The whole tiny interior is as complete and convincing as the Swiss Bremgarten Room or the Lawrence Room in the Art Museum in the Boston Fenway. And this the "Lampoon" editors keep all to themselves!

Having inspected certain autograph manuscripts by editors since become famous, the Spectator followed his guide up a circular granolithic stairway to the Ibis nest, an odd little room directly underneath the great Ibis finial on the tower. This room, as yet unfinished at the time of the Spectator's visit, was furnished simply by one solemn-eyed stuffed Ibis. The Spectator thought it was about time he found out what this sacred Ibis might be. He remembered it of old on the cover of chance-seen copies of the "Lampoon," but he had the vaguest notion why a sacred bird of the Nile should preside over the councils of Harvard humorists. Inquiry told him that this bird was snared in a classic jungle, being caught by one Barrett Wendell out of the proverb, "*In medio tutissimus ibis*" (Safety lies in the middle course). Or was it that he was captured by another early editor, F. J. Stimson, while Barrett Wendell taught him to speak? In such historic matters it behooves us to be accurate. At all events, the bird is a feathered pun. As for the Blackamoor who, together with the Bird and the Jester, appears on everything pertaining to the "Lampoon," the Spectator understands that he originated from one T. O. Tasco, the dusky landlord of the house in which "Lampy" held one of his early modest sanctums. So young are we in America, this singular mythological trio, not dreamed of till after the Centennial, is already a hoary tradition at Harvard.

Having elucidated so far, the artful young editor turned the Spectator firmly about so that he faced a pair of wonderful carved Dutch shutters in one side of the Ibis nest. With impressive slowness he swung them wide. And the Spectator gasped. For he found himself looking down on the rich interior of the little Great Hall—as picturesque, with its open timber roof, its old oak, its banners, and the sunlight slanting down upon the dull-red tiling of its floor, as many a Great Hall in Oxford or Cambridge. True, you miss the portraits—the Reynoldses and Raeburns and Holbeins. And the associations, you miss *them*. On the other hand, what English college hall can boast such a varied collection of treasures? The room, for all its serene air of unity, is a little museum. Every way you turn, some fresh surprise. Here a marvelous wrought-iron chandelier, Spanish work of the sixteenth century. There a suit of ancient Japanese armor. Here an ornate Elizabethan chimneypiece. There Flemish tapestry. Here the figurehead of a Frisian fishing-boat. There a Gothic door carved in

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the precious linen-fold pattern. Here a grotesque pair of twisting serpents, once the arms of some Dutchman's chair of state, now converted into electroliers. There a curious and beautiful old Dutch musical clock. It was the sight of all these and scores of other riches that inspired the mistress of Fenway Court to send to Lampy—to him that hath!—an ancient painted Hindeloopen sideboard.

Many an erstwhile serious thing has "Lampy" contrived to twist into some oblique appropriateness to the Jester's house. In both the tapestries on the wall of the hall appears the Ibis (if indeed the Flemish weavers didn't intend it for a stork). A painted Venetian wood-carving of the seventeenth century celebrates "Lampy's" brother divinity, the Blackamoor. A carved cherub's head picked up abroad finds itself invested with a jester's cap and a subtly revised expression which makes it the "apotheosis of 'Lampy.'" A winged skull with chaplet of laurel has been endowed with "Lampy's" cynical motto, "Vanitas." In one of the windows of the hall glows a panel of fourteenth-century glass from the Church of St. Augustine, Canterbury, bearing prophetically the colors of the "Lampoon" with a Harvard crimson center. A seventeenth-century terra-cotta representing a wheelwright at his work is displayed, in fond allusion to one of the founders of "Lampy," Mr. E. M. Wheelright, who not only designed the clever little building for love, but during a vacation spent in Friesland collected most of the ancient treasures with which it is filled. These, one by one, have been paid for by former editors and presented to the Society.

As he turned away from the enchanting picturesqueness of the place, the Spectator found himself at first inclined to plume himself upon the fact that, despite our raw modernity, we in America are getting some small share of the ripe heritage of the Middle Ages. Sober second thought quenched his ardor. How infinitely jollier than buying a mediæval stage-set would it have been to be born into it of historic right!

THE EXCUSE

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

"If the air were only softer,"
Said the Bird.
"If the air were only softer,
I could fly with grace and ease,
I could live above the trees,
If the air were only softer."

"If the earth were only harder,"
Said the Ox.
"If the earth were only harder,
I could walk without a slip,
I could pull without a whip,
If the earth were only harder."

"If the sea were only deeper,"
Said the Fish.
"If the sea were only deeper,
I could swim without a care,
I could dive beneath the air,
If the sea were only deeper."

"If the world were only wiser,"
Said the Man.
"If the world were only wiser,
I could win and dare and do,
I could make my dreams come true,
If the world were only wiser."

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THE NEW BOOKS

A BOOK A WEEK

A FEW months ago many of us who have no very profound interest in the subject of insectology (if the word may pass) found nevertheless a moving, human sympathy with the widely published accounts of an old French naturalist who has for over half a century made friends with spiders and other superficially unpleasant creatures. It appeared from these newspaper narratives that J. Henri Fabre was not only a great French naturalist but a delightful writer, that he was ninety years of age, and he was living, if not in want, at least in meager circumstances. At once noted men in science and literature testified their appreciation of M. Fabre's merits, and readers who had discovered in his books the romance of science prepared to respond. Now comes the most charming part of the incident. The aged friend of the insects wrote simply and unaffectedly (we summarize from memory) to this effect: "He was poor, it was true, but he was also happy, a modest shelter, frugal food, perhaps a glass of the wine of the country or a pipe, and the delight of a Provençal garden where he could observe his beloved insects—what more could an old man who loved nature want, Thank you—but No!"

Two or three of M. Fabre's books have appeared in English, all readable, but best is "The Life of the Spider" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). As Maeterlinck poetized the bee, so Fabre might be called the Maeterlinck of the spider. "The Insect's Homer" is Maeterlinck's own phrase for Fabre, and in the preface so fitly written for this very book by M. Maeterlinck he says that Fabre is "one of the most profound scholars, one of the purest writers, and, I was going to add, one of the finest poets of the century that is past"—a judgment that is confirmed by Rostand, who declares that Fabre thinks like a philosopher and writes like a poet, and recognizes also his love for men and insects.

The smaller the form of animal life, the more marvelous are the narratives of its social instincts and its curious customs. To most readers M. Fabre reveals a new world—one that has its tragedies and even its comedies, its wars, slavery, and marriage rites. How contemptible, for instance, is a caterpillar, but how strange—yes, and pitiful—is this little story told by Maeterlinck in the preface to this book:

> Here are some rather strange caterpillars, the Processionaries, which are not rare; and, as it happens, a single string of them, five or six yards long, has just climbed down from my umbrella pines and is at this moment unfolding itself in the walks of my garden, carpeting the ground traversed with transparent silk, according to the custom of the race. To say nothing of the meteorological apparatus of unparalleled delicacy which they carry on their backs, these caterpillars, as everybody knows, have this remarkable quality, that they travel only in a troop, one after the other, like Breughel's blind men or those of the parable, each of them obstinately, indissolubly following its leader, so much so that our author having one morning disposed the file on the edge of a large stone vase, thus closing the circuit, for seven whole days, during an atrocious week, amidst cold, hunger, and unspeakable weariness, the unhappy troop on its tragic round, without rest, respite, or mercy, pursued the pitiless circle until death overtook it.

M. Fabre's acquaintance among spiders is extensive; Provence, which gave us the poet Mistral and M. Fabre himself, evidently abounds in such interesting families as those of the Labyrinth Spider, the Crab Spider, and the Black-bellied Tarantula, to say nothing of the common garden spider, whose little tricks and clever hunting devices are not the least interesting. M. Fabre tells their stories with a personal friendliness; he evidently would like to chide some of them for their murderous propensities, but knows that nature will have her way. One can truly say of this book what the professional reviewer automatically says of every new book of adventure—"it abounds in incident." The temptation to repeat some of these spider Iliads is great, but instead, leaving the reader to discover the stories for himself, let us take for extract a single passage about M. Fabre's personal relations with spiderland:

> Michelet has told us how, as a printer's apprentice in a cellar, he established amicable relations with a Spider. At a certain hour of the day a ray of sunlight would glint through the window of the gloomy workshop and light up the little compositor's case. Then his eight-legged neighbor would come down from her web and take her share of the sunshine on the edge of the case. The boy did not interfere with her; he welcomed the trusting visitor as a friend and as a pleasant diversion from the long monotony. When we lack the society of our fellow-men, we take refuge in that of animals, without always losing by the change. I do not, thank God, suffer from the melancholy of a

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cellar; my solitude is gay with light and verdure; I attend, whenever I please, the fields' high festival, the Thrushes' concert, the Crickets' symphony; and yet my friendly commerce with the Spider is marked by an even greater devotion than the young typesetter's. I admit her to the intimacy of my study, I make room for her among my books, I set her in the sun on my window ledge, I visit her assiduously at her home, in the country. The object of our relations is not to create a means of escape from the petty worries of life, pin-pricks whereof I have my share like other men, a very large share, indeed; I propose to submit to the Spider a host of questions whereto, at times, she condescends to reply.

The Fifth Trumpet. By Paul Bertram. John Lane Company, New York. $1.25.

A love story tinged with theological controversy of the fifteenth century.

Who Laughs Last? By Ashton Hilliers. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.35.

A story of moderate interest in which the hero, a very unbusinesslike young man, is plunged into business which he does not understand and nearly comes to grief, but is saved by friendly intervention, and encounters some romantic adventures in the latter part of his career.

Street of the Flute Player (The). By H. de Vere Stackpoole. Duffield & Company, New York. $1.25.

A carefully-wrought-out story of Athens in that year which saw the first production of Aristophanes's "Frog." That writer of plays, the aristocrat named Diomed, the drunken painter Moschion, the banker Gyges, a beautiful girl flute-player, and many other types of olden days, move through a story made up of singular incidents told in a modern fashion.

Hero of Herat (The). By Maud Diver. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.35.

The author of this book has written several stories of English life in India which have deserved reading not so much as fiction as because they have depicted with accuracy the local color and the race question. The same thing is true of the present novel; but its length and over-elaboration in parts make it less easy reading than its predecessors.

Everbreeze. By Sarah P. M. Greene. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.30.

The author's stories about Cape Cod life have always contained a good deal that was high-flown and unnatural as well as a good deal that was immensely amusing because of its freshness, its fun, and its local color. This is true of the present story, although the absurdities seem to us worse than usual.

Patsy. By S. R. Crockett. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

It is a long while since Mr. Crockett has written a story so original in plot and incident as this. "Patsy" may very well be ranked with the best of this author's early work. The girl who gives the name to the book is willful, sweet, steadfast in love, and altogether a charming creature. The scene is laid in the old smuggling days, and there is plenty of action and adventure; while, on the other hand, Mr. Crockett here steers clear from recording imaginary happenings which do not strike the reader as plausible or possible—a fault which has been too prominent in some of his stories of adventure.

Works of Gilbert Parker. (Imperial Edition.) Vols. V, VI, VII, and VII. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2 per volume.

We have already spoken rather fully of the publication of this edition of the works of Sir Gilbert Parker. The additional volumes contain "When Valmond came to Pontiac," "Cumner's Son," "The Trail of the Sword," "The Translation of a Savage," and one or two other of the stories which may be described as "short romantic novels," and also a considerable number of short tales of which Sir Gilbert wrote so many, and on the whole so excellent ones, in his early career.

Socialism and Democracy in Europe. By Samuel P. Orth, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.

Mr. Orth is known as the writer of two or three books on public, political, and historical topics. In this work he follows historically the trend of those political growths abroad which have centered in the various parties called Socialist, Social Democracy, and Labor. The treatment is analytical as well as informative; and without regard to the author's own views, which he generally keeps pretty well in the background, the work may be described as containing material of the utmost value to any one who is watching the progress of modern industrial democratic movements.

David Livingstone. By C. Silvester Horne, M.P. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

The coming centenary of Livingstone's birth will doubtless bring out a flood of literature dealing with the story of the explorer and missionary. We doubt if the story could be told more stirringly in brief compass than it is in Mr. Horne's book. By clever and free use of Livingstone's diaries and letters he is made to tell his own story in large part—and a wonderful story it was, of devotion, sacrifice, hardship, persistence, and adventure, through many dangers with beasts and men.

Modern Etchings, Mezzotints, and Dry-Points. Edited by Charles Holme. John Lane Company, New York. $3.

This volume contains beautiful reproductions of famous etchers of Great Britain, America, France, Holland, and other countries. The aim is to give essentially modern work, and apparently in the sense of rather recent work, so that neither Seymour Haden nor Whistler is in-

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cluded. Frank Brangwyn and Axel H. Haig of England, Joseph Pennell and C. K. Gleason of the United States, Marcel Roux and M. Achener of France, are among those whose work as here presented delights the eye. The text consists of critical essays on the art of each of the countries treated as it is illustrated by etchings, mezzotints, and dry-points.

Gospel of Gladness and Its Meaning for Us (The). By John Clifford, M.A., LL.D., D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75.

Dr. Clifford, widely known as a leader of the Free Churches of England, and a conspicuous representative of "the Nonconformist conscience" as a strong element in its political life, inscribes this volume of sermons to the church in Westbourne Park, London, which he has served since 1858. He tells us on its first page that the keynote of his ministry has been the duty of joy, as a messenger of glad tidings, to comfort the sorrowful, heal broken hearts, and impart a cheerful courage to discouraged warriors for truth and righteousness. Many chords are struck in these discourses, but this note accompanies them all. They are the fruit of deep-soiled thought, saturated with the spirit of the Bible, and versed in the experiences of private and public life. They felicitously exhibit the modernness of the Bible in its applicability as a mirror and a monitor to the present world, and are a noble specimen of straight preaching to our times.

Jesus the Christ: Historical or Mythical? By Thomas James Thorburn, D.D., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Whoever inquires what can be said for and what against the theory that the Gospels, especially the first three, are merely a collection of myths, will find it in this volume by a competent scholar. The mythical theory, started by Strauss in 1846, and after long discussion finally exploded, has been revived lately by Professor A. Drews in a new form. He will not concede, as Strauss did, that Jesus really lived, but regards him as an imaginary personification of a mere idea, and the Gospel narratives as mere variations of world-wide myths. The material for this theory has been gathered from the latest studies in archæology, comparative religion, and theological criticism. Dr. Thorburn subjects it to a searching scrutiny which exposes its utter hollowness in every particular. Its advocates, doubtless sincere truth-seekers, as he says, seem to have been seduced by their prepossessions into utter negation of the principles of objective historical criticism.

Writings of John Quincy Adams (The). Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Vol. 1 (1779–1796). The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.

The fifty years spent by John Quincy Adams in public service left behind them a vast mass of records, despatches, letters, and writings. These are to be used as the basis of a work which promises to be somewhat elaborate and carefully edited. At a later date it may be taken up for full consideration.

Christianizing the Social Order. By Walter Rauschenbusch. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Some now menacing phenomena recall Lowell's remark, years ago, that there is dynamite in the New Testament enough to shatter our social order, if not handled carefully. What his prophetic soul discerned was that the social order would have to undergo some reconstruction by the removal of anti-Christian ideas and practices. Professor Rauschenbusch has so used this great force, in a spirit of charity toward all, of ill will toward none whose theories and conduct he most antagonizes with lightning flash and thunder roll. Historical learning, philosophic thought, prophetic insight, are conspicuous in the treatment of his great theme, with a direct incisiveness often touched with humor, and the gleam of pat words and pithy phrases. No longer a voice crying in the wilderness, he is spokesman for a rapidly growing host, as well as leader of its van. The Methodist Church, through its Bishops, ranged itself on his side last May. The Federal Council of Churches in 1908 proclaimed a Magna Charta of social justice and equal rights for all men in all stations (amplified by it last December)—a Declaration to which we referred last week. Not a little was contributed to this swelling stream of tendency by Professor Rauschenbusch's widely read volume, "Christianity and the Social Crisis," published in 1907. The present volume will add to it. It is eminently persuasive. "The revolutionary destiny of Christianity," as "the religion of social redemption," is shown arrested by the "invasion of God's country" by capitalism, commercialism, and private interests. The invading powers, indicted for their aggressions, are set before the judgment-seat of Christ in the religious conscience. How to work out the judgment in feasible ways and means concludes the argument. The immediate need pointed to is more of personal religion.

Socialism from the Christian Standpoint: Ten Conferences. By Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Father Vaughan is widely known and esteemed both for Christian work in London slums and for faithful dealing in his London pulpit with the sins and vices of the rich. This volume contains his Lenten addresses in 1912 at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City, and a few others. The Socialism he arraigns is of the irreligious type, more conspicuous in Europe than here. For Christian Socialism also he has no tolerance. He goes even further. His belief that the spirit that looks for "the realization of a Kingdom of God on earth" is "wild talk" and that it has "not the slightest chance" of counteracting anti-Christian Socialism lacks knowledge of the socializing spirit now astir in American Protestant Christianity.

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THE READER'S VIEW

THIS week we substitute some of the views of our readers regarding The Outlook for the letters usually printed in this department regarding current questions. The relationship between The Outlook and its readers is in a large measure a personal one. The pen and the printed page are merely substitutes for the tongue; a vital editorial or article has frequently the effect of a conversation or an argument with a group of friends. The truth of this assertion is more than borne out by many of the letters to The Outlook. Readers sometimes praise us with an almost indulgent pride, and they stop their subscription in the manner of a man disinheriting a disobedient son. Whatever the sentiment expressed, the personal touch frequently reveals the intimacy of the feeling.

"Has any one ever mentioned to you that there is really an 'Outlook Fraternity'? Perhaps that is what you mean by the 'Outlook family;' but, at any rate, when I go into a strange home and see a recent number of The Outlook on the table, I am at once acquainted; and I have observed that the same holds true with strangers who come into my home. Indeed, a prominent minister in our denomination who is one of your subscribers said to me that seeing The Outlook in their homes often saved him the trouble of asking a great many questions of his parishioners as to their ideas. Altogether, most of us may perhaps agree with Dr. E. A. Steiner's humorous exaggeration, 'I wait till I have read The Outlook, and then I make up my mind.'"

There are no geographical boundaries to this fraternity. Cordial letters of greeting come to us from every part of the world; good wishes for a Happy New Year from a Japanese Professor and his wife; greetings from a "comrade" in Wales; "grateful acknowledgment of inspiration, uplift, and enlightenment during the last quarter of a century" from New Zealand.

This last letter does much to counterbalance some natural criticism from conservative American readers; for New Zealand is leading the democracy of the world. This is not to say that all her experiments will prove successful, nor even that all her successful experiments are adapted to the American people and American institutions. But there is no country more absolutely pervaded by the spirit of equal opportunity to all and special favors to none.

This Outlook fraternity, too, includes members from every class in society, every political party, and every Christian denomination. Among our friendly readers are Jews and Christians, Roman Catholics and Agnostics, and some who would be termed pagans.

There are, of course, some letters of criticism, some expressing disappointment, but even those who discontinue their subscriptions do so generally more in sorrow than in anger; for example: "I regretfully ask that, for the present at least, my name be dropped from your subscription list. I should have written before, but it was hard to come to a decision."

Not infrequently, after a brief period of absence from the Outlook fraternity, such friends return. "I took The Outlook last year, and in November I wrote you to stop it. . . . Now, what I write will be strange but true. We have had a spell of bad weather lasting two weeks, and I dug up my old Outlooks, and for the first time realized what a gold mine The Outlook was and is."

So far as we can judge, the friendship between ourselves and our readers is primarily due, not so much to the information or the wisdom which they think they find in The Outlook's pages, though thanks for both are expressed, as to the sincere endeavor on the part of The Outlook, recognized by its readers, to be of help to them.

One reader says: "It seems as if one could not really enjoy life without The Outlook." Still another reader renews her subscription in the following words: "No other factor in life that I know has done more for me in the development of mental growth than my weekly Outlook. I would not be happy without it now—although I do not agree with you on many things."

The way in which this help has been rendered is often expressed in definite and concrete forms by the members of the Outlook fraternity.

"I am a teacher of history and civics in one of the public schools of this city. In my effort to present those subjects impartially and helpfully The Outlook has for years given me many suggestions. In fact, in the handling of 'current events' it has been my weekly guide. I have found, after a sufficient time has elapsed for a true perspective, The Outlook has been generally correct in its statements and sane in its opinions."

Another teacher gives a more detailed summary of her reasons for joining the circle of Outlook readers:

"First, being a teacher, I want some medium through which I may become acquainted with the great events and questions of the day. These I find discussed in The Outlook in such condensed form that they can be obtained within the time at my disposal.

"Second, having been a reader of The Outlook for several years, I have become convinced of its reliability and fairness, qualities which are lacking in too many of the American magazines and daily papers. Those whose views do not coincide with those of The Outlook as well as

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those whose views are the same are given a hearing, so in reading it one gets all sides of a question."

As we have often said in our editorial columns, The Outlook is neither neutral nor partisan. From a reader who is himself an independent thinker the following letter is a gratifying tribute:

"For many years I have depended upon The Outlook as an impartial source of information concerning things religious, social, and political. I have read it to ascertain the truth. I have found it to represent the highest type of journalism. Its clear, concise analysis of public questions makes it easy for one with limited time to devote to reading to gain an intelligent understanding of practically all important current events. The Outlook has my confidence as entirely as Uncle Sam. This is because it is neither partisan nor neutral, but *honestly* and fearlessly independent. The man who calls The Outlook partisan is evidently so partisan in his own views that he is unable to read unpartisan news and comments. I do not always agree with The Outlook, but the disagreement certainly is not because it does not fairly and honestly give the facts from which to derive an opinion; it is merely a difference in judgment. I will long continue The Outlook, because I want to know the truth for my own benefit."

The editors of The Outlook feel that they have more than a bowing acquaintance with many of their readers, for some of the letters sound almost like invitations to "draw up a chair" at the family hearth. Here is a friendly example:

"You do not know what a blessing The Outlook is to some of us. We are remote from town, from city, from the railroad, and from the electric road. Our roads are of mud. We seldom go to town oftener than once a week. During three or four months of the year we are winter-bound, storm-bound, mud-bound. We go to town then *once* a month. We are isolated. I think we may say we are *hibernating!* Some days the roads and the storm prevent our R. F. D. man coming. Sometimes we are without any mail for three or possibly four days. Your magazine does so much to keep us in the world and in touch with the world."

And here is another friendly welcome to the household circle, though it tells us that for the time being some of the family are to be absent from home for a while:

"My subscription to The Outlook expires this week. I am not going to renew it till February, for this reason. My sister and I are planning to go home to New Brunswick this Christmas. We will start about the middle of December and return February 1.

"Father takes The Outlook, so we will have the reading of it while we are home. Till we go a friend will pass hers on to us. This sounds small, but it takes a lot to go home, and we have to watch every penny.

"The Outlook is one of our best friends, and we enjoy passing it on to others. My sister says I force it on some; others are as much interested and find it as helpful as we do. For instance, forty miles north of us the country is being settled by Englishmen; a good many of them enjoy solid reading and discussing what they have read. I sent some of my Outlooks to one family, where I was quite sure they would be appreciated. A few weeks after, this man brought us our butter and spent the evening with us. We got talking, and to make my point clear I read your article 'Salvation is Character.' He was intensely interested. 'Miss D——,' he said, 'do you want those Outlooks back?' I said, 'Pass them on if they will be appreciated.' 'A lot of the men were asking me about them,' he said. When he left, he took every Outlook in the house.

"We are situated in this way: We teach in a Ruthenian settlement, and live in a little three-room cottage in the school-yard. My sister drives five and a half miles to her school. Our nearest English friends are fourteen miles away, but we have a pony and carriage and can go where we please, and our friends come to see us, and we have our books and magazines.

"I have written very frankly, but we are two of your 'unknown friends.'"

Such a friendly stop as that is almost as good as a renewal, and the free distribution of The Outlook described in the letter is as encouraging to the editors as if it were paid circulation. The writer of that letter is a resident among aliens on American soil, and is helping to bring to those aliens the spirit of liberty and fraternity that is characteristic of the New World. It is one of the letters that enable us to realize how all world problems have their special interest for American readers. Another letter emphasizes the unity of the movement for liberty through the awakening of China, through war in the Balkans, through peaceful agitation in America; it contains a sentence which we gladly make our own: "Let us rid ourselves of traditional labels and learn to *think* and *act* from our own initiative in the solution of obvious wrongs in our very midst."

Readers who write to The Outlook, and who receive only an acknowledgment in return, are very much mistaken if they think that their words have fallen on deaf ears. Letters are distinctly valuable to us in more ways than one. As straws that indicate public opinion, as bearers of useful information, as messages of praise or judicious criticism, they all find a sincere and grateful, even if a silent, welcome. Paradoxical as it may sound, if the editors attempted to answer all the letters that come to this office, there would be no letters to answer, for the simple reason that there would soon be no Outlook.

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"MANY INVENTIONS"

THE field of invention yields every year, every season, and almost every week, a rich harvest. It is equally true that many of the inventions, discoveries, and improvements are as short-lived as the average "best seller," and the harvest must be both winnowed and sifted. The residue of sound quality and real value is, however, extraordinary. American ingenuity and acumen are particularly strong in this direction; the distinction has been made with some force that the greatest achievements in pure science come from abroad, the best results in applied science from our own inventors.

COLOR MUSIC

Professor A. Wallace Rimington, of Queen's College, London, who for a long time has been engaged in a study of what he calls the art of mobile music, tells what he learned about it, says the New York "Times," in a book entitled "Color Music."

He has invented what he calls a color-organ, an instrument with keys like a piano, and, using this instrument, he has been able to project colors upon a screen in artistic and pleasing combinations. His book contains a picture of the organ and other illustrations which show how it performs its work and what comes of it.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, the Royal Academician, contributes an introduction to the book in which he expresses great interest in Professor Rimington's experimentation and discoveries. He believes that through the use of the color-organ, or a more effective instrument if one shall be devised, it will be possible to do something "medicinal" for the painter—give him a tonic for his color-sense, a suggester, corrector, and purifier.

A NEW ILLUMINANT

Last week the cable repeated from Paris an account from the "Revue des Deux Mondes" of the discovery by M. Georges Claude of the possibility of using the new gas, neon, as an illuminant. The account says:

Claude found that neon, which is so rare that only one liter was found in 65,000 liters of air, has the singular property that it is traversed with extraordinary facility by electric discharges. Where 1,000 volts are required in the case of air, only thirteen volts are required in the case of neon. A new solution of the problem of economical lighting is now being provided, as a result of this discovery, by the marketing of tubes of neon containing the property of electric luminosity, of which Parisians are now able to see examples in the beautiful soft red light in certain buildings.

COLD AND LIFE-SUSPENSION

From the same source comes a discussion by Dr. Charles Nordmann of remarkable experiments in the temporary suspension of life:

Discussing the utilization of low temperatures from a medical standpoint, Dr. Nordmann emphasizes the extraordinary value of cold in suspending life without destroying it, and says that he will not be surprised if in future it is possible to conserve human beings alive in ice, just as Professor Pictet, of Geneva, preserved the higher animals. The French scientists have also proved the value of cold air in preserving vaccines, which otherwise become useless forty days after they are prepared. It is now possible to keep vaccines in stock and export them to the countries needing them. Professor Nordmann thinks that Dr. Carrel, in his remarkable experiments of transplanting tissues, can reasonably expect to be greatly assisted by the remarkable preservative properties of cold air.

OIL FIELDS IN ENGLAND

Is England to have an oil industry of its own? Time will show whether discoveries announced quite lately in despatches from London really contain promise of such an oil-fever as Pennsylvania once had:

An oil-field, the first in Great Britain, has been discovered at Kelham, near Newark, in the county of Nottingham. For four years boring operations have been carried on in the district in the belief that some rich mineral existed there, but nothing up to this time had been noted which would suggest the oil which has now been found at a depth of 2,440 feet. Sir Boverton Redwood reports the find to be true petroleum of paraffin base and of excellent quality.

TALKING IN TWENTY PLACES AT ONCE

The Outlook has already described and pictured the splendid new railway terminal just opened at Forty-second Street, New York City. Its greatest feature is the way in which train service is handled on different levels, and one special minor point is the use of the telautograph. For instance:

Near the tower director stands another man, in front of a telautograph. As soon as the track has been picked on which a train will stop the assistant writes the name of the train and the track on the telautograph. Simultaneously what he writes is reproduced before two men standing in the station. One of them chalks it up on

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a bulletin board in front of which friends of passengers are standing, and the other calls it into a megaphone which reproduces his voice in a score or more of places in the big station.

WIRELESS ELECTRIC CLOCKS

One of the newer inventions in connection with wireless transmission of electricity, says a writer in one of the scientific papers, is that of Mgr. Cerebotani, of Munich, who has invented an electric clock similar to the well-known Western Union clocks, although it differs from them in being regulated by an electric current sent from a wireless sending apparatus. This may be joined with a discussion in "The Youth's Companion" of a proposed system for true time through radio-telegraphy:

In October last, at a conference held in Paris, representatives of fourteen European Powers, and of the United States and Brazil, decided that stations should be established in various parts of the world from which day and night time-signals could be sent. The situations of nine stations have already been determined, and at least two of those chosen for Europe—the Eiffel Tower in Paris, and a station at Norddeich, in Germany—are now sending signals every morning and every evening.

The advantages of thus making use of the wonderful science of radio-telegraphy can hardly be overstated. The system will be of the greatest service to shipmasters, for the safety of a vessel at sea is dependent in large measure upon the accuracy of its chronometers. No time-piece is or ever can be absolutely accurate. The most that we can hope for is that those which are carried at sea shall be as accurate as possible, and that the rate of their variation shall be known. But if we can give each vessel the exact Greenwich time every day, we shall eliminate all the uncertainty that is now due to defects in the chronometer.

POWER WITHOUT COAL

That coal may be transmitted into electric energy directly without combustion by fire has long been maintained. Every few months one reads of a proposed practical application of the idea. The delightful dream may be realized, but while honest scientists do believe in its possibility, others (crooks, to wit) have tried to lure investors into worthless investment. With this word of caution we may quote "Science:"

A striking illustration of the loss that attends the every-day use of the electrical energy is furnished by the electric light. "For every dollar spent in producing what we call light," says Dr. W. W. Coblentz, of the United States Bureau of Standards, Washington, D. C., "we obtain only 3 to 5 cents' worth of this commodity."

Dr. Coblentz, in common with other workers, thinks the problem of saving this 95 per cent waste is not insoluble. Here again nature gives us a model. The firefly goes about with its cold lamp setting an example that should put man to the blush. If we could imitate the firefly's lamp, we could save ninety-five cents on every dollar now spent on electric light from the carbon now wastefully consumed—no account being taken of by-products—approximately 1,000,000 horse-power.

But even when the most economical methods are used, the loss of energy involved in the production of available power from coal is disheartening. Only a fraction of the theoretical power is made available. The rest has been dissipated in the form of useless heat, partly blown up the chimney, part radiated into space, partly absorbed by the water and discharged in the exhaust. "It is well known," says Professor H. C. Parker, of Brooklyn, "that the ordinary steam engine converts only some 15 or 20 per cent of the caloric energy of the coal into mechanical energy. Although this mechanical energy may be converted into electric energy by means of the dynamo at an efficiency of some 95 per cent, the initial loss of 80 per cent remains."

The great problem is to find a means of direct conversion of the energy of coal into electric energy without this appalling loss. Professor Launcelot W. Andrews, formerly of Iowa University, points out that this is essentially a task for the chemists. But he adds that "only the first steps have yet been taken, and those steps have, superficially seen, such a slender connection with the power problem that only the expert can appreciate their importance."

THE EARLY DAYS OF ANTHRACITE

The discussion above suggests a contrast with the days when anthracite as a fuel was a much-doubted novelty. Mr. William Endicott, a well-known and highly respected citizen of Boston, now eighty-seven years old, lately read a paper of reminiscence in which he told this story:

Somewhere in the early thirties rumors had reached Beverly that in Pennsylvania or elsewhere anthracite coal was coming into use as fuel. In order to make trial of it five or six gentlemen joined together and sent to Boston for a cart-load, there being no railway.

From my father's quota I remember a lump of about the size of a peck measure which he placed in the open fireplace and heaped about it an assortment of pine and hard woods. These burned very well, but had no effect upon the coal even with repeated trials. Considerable fuel was burned upon that occasion, but it was not coal.

Some little time later, when a grate had been installed in the fireplace and a good fire was burning in it, an old gentleman came in to view the novel spectacle. After looking at it intently for a few minutes he remarked that "it looked expensive," and retired from the scene. Little did he think that his sage conclusion would be quoted after the lapse of three-quarters of a century and then, perchance, put in type and possibly read a century or two later.

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BY THE WAY

California's wonderful climate does not appear less wonderful by reason of the fact, reported by a subscriber, that during the recent cold snap in the southern part of the State, while at 4 A.M. the thermometer registered only 14 degrees above zero, in the middle of the next day men were working in the fields in shirt-sleeves and straw hats.

Paris is said to have 120,000 "squatters" on its abandoned fortifications, which are now being turned into public parks, much to the squatters' inconvenience. These antiquated defensive works, now replaced by modern forts, were built about 1840 and are estimated to have cost $200,000,000. Notwithstanding their great cost, they failed to keep the Germans out when put to the test in 1871.

The United States imports five times as many bananas as any other country. In 1912 it imported 44,520,539 bunches of this most easily consumed fruit—say 50 bananas per capita. Of the countries contributing these, Jamaica led all the rest, with 15,000,000 bunches.

The Irish Players, with their manager, Lady Gregory, are visiting the United States again. Among the new plays which they will present are "Patriots," "The Magnanimous Lover," and "A Pot of Broth."

Yale seniors are conservative enough to prefer Dickens to any recent novelist, according to a vote taken lately. Tennyson is their favorite poet, "Crossing the Bar" their favorite poem. Lincoln and Napoleon are their heroes in history; Sothern, Drew, and Mansfield their favorite actors; tennis is their favorite sport, with football second and baseball third.

Among the nonagenarians who set a good example of activity to their juniors are Alfred Russel Wallace, the celebrated scientist, who lately observed his ninetieth birthday; and ex-Mayor Whitney, of Brooklyn, who is in his ninety-fifth year and goes to his office every morning at eight o'clock, exactly as he has been doing for three-quarters of a century.

Moving-picture films representing prize-fights are debarred entrance to the United States. Films representing a famous contest of this kind, which had been sent to South America and which were brought back recently, were denied admittance and were burned at the New York City Appraiser's Warehouse.

The Typographical Union is not the only trade organization that maintains a home for aged and infirm members. A circular informs us that the four great railway brotherhoods have recently put up new buildings in Highland Park, Illinois, as a home for incapacitated members. Engineers, firemen, conductors, and trainmen support the home on a pro rata basis.

A railway recently received a good lesson at the hands of an Eastern business man, according to a Western railway journal. The business man had reserved a drawing-room to the Pacific Coast. When he got on the train he found that his drawing-room had been sold to other persons who were in possession and refused to vacate. The indignant passenger insisted on his rights, with the result that the railway had to put on an extra car and haul it 2,400 miles!

"Travel" prints pictures of the gargoyles of the cathedral at Reims, which show almost as much grotesque humor as the more celebrated ones of Notre Dame. The church authorities of the Middle Ages must have been more liberal in spirit than we commonly suppose, to have accepted these grinning caricatures—some of them caricatures of monks and ecclesiastics—without protest.

A correspondent who dislikes the growing practice of typewriting personal as well as business letters quotes Montaigne as to his personal correspondence: "I ever write my letters in post-haste, and so rashly headlong that, howbeit I write intolerably ill, I had rather write with mine own hand than employ another; for I find that none can follow me, and I never copy them over again. I have accustomed those persons that know me to endure blots, blurs, dashes, and botches in my letters." Doubtless Montaigne's letters were worth puzzling over; are ours?

The Rumanians, a writer in the "National Geographic Magazine" observes, are intensely proud of their Roman language and origin. Descended from Roman soldiers established on the banks of the Danube by the Emperor Trajan in A.D. 106, their language has retained its Latin characteristics to such an extent that any one reasonably familiar with Latin will, the writer says, be able to read a Rumanian newspaper with but little difficulty.

The graphic "Letters of a Down-and-Out" in the current "Atlantic Monthly" form a human document of absorbing interest. A young man making $25,000 a year met misfortune, went West, and after enduring great hardships says: "A remark many men have made to me I remember well: 'Any man who really desires employment can readily obtain it. . . .' I went yesterday and to-day to 28 offices, stores, and docks, and asked for any kind of work, and couldn't get it, and Jones did the same. Also, we went 26 hours without food."

A friend calls our attention to a grammatical slip in The Outlook recently—"they are being led to think so by Germans *whom* they think speak with authority." By a coincidence, our attention is also called to a similar grammatical form in the Bible—"*Whom* say ye that I am?" In each of the three places in which this question occurs, the Revised Version substitutes *Who*.

The grammar even of the Revised Version is not impeccable, readers of G. W. Moon's book "The Bishop's English" will remember. Among other inconsistencies, Mr. Moon calls attention to this: "Of whom *are* Phygellus and Hermogenes" (2 Tim. i. 15); "Of whom *is* Hymenæus and Philetus" (2 Tim. ii. 17).

Experiments recently made in France show, according to reports, that live fish may be frozen, transported to a distance, and then revivified by careful thawing. The reports state that several hours, perhaps a day or two, elapse between the freezing and thawing processes. If a day, why not a year? And then—were those stories true about the frogs coming to life after centuries of entombment in solid rock?

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